

THE
1487. 188. 10
MISCELLANEOUS

POETIC ATTEMPTS

O F

C. J O N E S,

An uneducated Journeyman Wool-comber.

Mankind to please, and by that art to live,
Are gifts of Grace the Muses seldom give;—
Howe'er I fail, for *Candour* yet I plead;
The WILL, if good, oft tolerates the DEED.

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ERRATA.

Page 44, Line 5, for *words* read *winds*.

Page 65, last Line, for *lavofully* read *awfully*.

Page 97, Line 15, for *it seldom sees* ; read *which seldom sees*
leaving out the semi-colon.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author first premises, that, to the Learned *very little* can be said in behalf of a book in which Learning is so *very little* concerned.—To his Friends, especially those with whom he is least acquainted, he has to observe, that a small Country-School, in his mere childhood, is all the advantage of education he ever received; nor does he yet know the rudiments of the English Grammar.

Whether he commenced Writer from propensity, or the juvenile itch of scribbling, need not be in this place discussed; as the Public may be assured, he never intended to trouble them with the humble effusions of his fancy, otherwise than in a corner of a news-paper; till the rapid decline of trade, in the Woollen-Way, and the better support of a large family, made it eligible in the opinion of his Friends.

The pieces are more of a fugitive, occasional, and local kind, than effects of a general, diffusive, and mature study; for which the Author, with such manifest disadvantages, could not be qualified.

Divested of every kind of vanity, the Author sincerely regrets his unacquaintance with the elevated imagery,
and

and other learned embellishments, so essentially requisite in good poetry; and, under such circumstances, he readily presumes, he has more to hope from the candour and benevolence of his Friends, than to fear from the rigid, tho' perhaps, judicious Critic.

Duly sensible that the prevailing motive with his best Friends was the assistance of his family, the Author, deeply impressed with every sensation of gratitude, thus humbly thanks them, and all others, for their kind subscriptions; and begs to be considered as their

Much obliged and grateful
Humble servant,

CHRISTOPHER JONES.



ON A
BOOK of POEMS,

Published a few Years since at Exeter by Mr. W——r.

(Which the Author hopes may now serve as some Sort of Apology
for his own.)

THE gen'rous efforts of an honest Muse
No Child of Candour surely will refuse ;
But o'er the field of harmless wit will stray,
Nor heed a trivial hillock in the way !
Each shoot of genius, with indulgent care,
He knows to cherish in a temp'rate air :
From blasts the fruit to shield, by critics blown,
Who, damning others faults, betray their own !
The laws of vision, like all Nature's laws,
To known effects reduces ev'ry cause :
Critics in optics deep, invert the sight,
And stamp that black which Nature fashion'd white :
Nor here alone their partial bus'ness ends,
Their error must be strengthen'd by their friends :
This crowns their joy—so madmen oft are found
Best pleas'd, in thinking all are mad around !

“ These

"These facts we grant," you say;—"but then a story
 "Should here be fram'd, by way of allegory."
 'Tis done :—an Artist once—no matter where—
 From dreary waste, would form a garden fair :
 Each friend to suit, 'twas meant it should be stor'd
 With all that might some elegance afford ;
 And now around the late infested green
 Of Flow'rs select, a graceful choice was seen :
 Luxuriant blossoms, grateful to the sense,
 Their balmy sweets strove kindly to dispense ;
 Some lowly crept, while others, branching high,
 Attractive caught, and charm'd the curious eye.

Surrounding shades enclos'd a Sylvan grot
 Where Flora reign'd, sweet regent of the spot ;
 A gen'ral plaudit thro' the circuit ran,
 And all admir'd its rectitude of plan !
 But now, with front twixt rugged and demure,
 Arriv'd—protect us ! what ?—a CONNOISSEUR !
 To censure, carp, disjoint, root out, restore ;
 Each latent error sagely to explore ;
 His joyful errand—o'er the fair extent,
 With ardent step, he ruminating went ;
 A glass he held, half-sighted eyes to aid ;
 The other hand a sharpen'd knife display'd ;
 Cur'd was its form, for pruning its intent,
 As reason from experience gave the hint ;

But

But void of each, as cavillers are found,
 Invidious sneers our hero cast around;
 And thus harrangu'd—"Gad so, my honest friend!
 "Genius superior must your garden mend:
 "Mere chaos still, by Jove! devoid of taste—
 "More just its first original—a waste!—
 "One moment's liberty, and you shall see
 "Th' improving touches it receives from me—
 —"This wants of fervent sun more genial aid;
 "That shoots too high—this needs more frequent shade;
 "Too lifeless this, and that of pallid hue
 "Proclaims your error—your presumption too:—
 "To me alone the curious world must bow—
 "Perfection's master-piece I stand;—and now,
 "No flow'r that rudely wantons in the breeze
 "But this correcting hand shall instant seize!
 "Each humble shrub shall my importance feel—
 "Your pardon, friend!—Egad I spare no steel;"—
 Then high his caitif arm he aim'd to rear,
 That would have left no standing beauty there:
 But here the blooming goddess interpos'd,
 And thus the scene of threat'ning mischief clos'd.
 "Stop, furious friend, this rapid rage, and see
 "'Tis NATURE aids this gay variety!
 "Tho' ART her secondary aid might lend,
 "On Nature's pow'r each beauty must depend:

"No

"No simple bud your murd'ring hand would mar,
 "But, know, o'ertops your rigid wisdom far!
 "To Nature's standard Art has ever kneel'd;
 "'Tis Nature conquers, and shall keep the field!"
 This said, fair Flora to her grot withdrew,
 And bade the strenuous formalist adieu!
 A moral hint from hence, ye critics, draw;
 Nor crush meek merit, tho' you find a flaw!

Mankind to please, and by that art to live,
 Are gifts of grace the Muses seldom give:
 But where, O W——r, with ease-like thine,
 Assiduous care and harmony combine;
 To teach, to charm, to rectify the heart;
 The public smile is merited desert.
 Yet, heedless still of censure and applause,
 Let candour stand sole champion in your cause.



MISCELLANEOUS
POETIC ATTEMPTS.

MORNING THOUGHTS.

I.

THE morn in golden glory smiles,
The lark salutes the rising day ;
No longer filken sleep beguiles
Old Care, whose summons all obey !
With steps impatient, see the throng
Resuming life's diurnal stage ;
With varied toil, the Old, the Young,
Its busy, restless scenes engage.

II.

From sceptred dreams ambition starts,
Still anxious of unbounded sway ;
Its pride-wing'd shafts like light'nings dart,
To wound the humble on their way :

B

Yet

Yet say, ye advocates for pow'r,
From whence arises human pride?
'Tis but the fondling of an hour,
That may the next in death subside.

III.

Bright Virtue, never sleeping guard!
Assumes with joy her morning stand,
Her sons, nor storms nor threats retard
From honour's field, her sole command:
She, like the sun's meridian beam,
Through error's maze illumines the way;
By her we shun each wide extreme,
And fly the dangers of the day.

IV.

Officious Vice, with thrifty care,
Her restless vot'ries does employ;
Around her spreads each baneful snare,
To wound, to plunder, and destroy;
O'er dang'rous steeps she leads the van,
Her rout unwary youth attends;
She forms the complicated plan,
That in eternal ruin ends!

V.

The miser, who, his swelling heaps
With ev'ning care had frequent told;
From dreams of thieves impatient leaps
To hail his deity of gold!

Curst



[3]

Curst Avarice, his ardent aim,
Approaching death can ne'er prevent ;
His chest the only heav'n his claim,
His hell secur'd at cent. per cent.

VI.

Not so with yonder village Swain,
Who trudges whistling thro' the dale ;
Health, peace, and pleasure's jocund train,
Assist his labours in the vale :
His breast serene no rancour knows,
Content his ev'ry blessing brings ;
His innocence ensures repose,
Unknown to luxury and kings.

VII.

The sprightly Maid, with rolling eye,
O'er verdant vallies bears the pail ;
Her cheek assumes the morning dye,
Her breath perfumes the rising gale.
Ye powder'd Misses, would you vie,
In native charms with such a fair,
False art let Nature's self supply,
And early breathe the morning air.

VIII.

The Debauchee, who sprucely gay
Inverts the order of the spheres,
Turns day to night, and night to day,
From rout nocturnal homeward steers.

A secret

A secret joy for mischief done
 To virgin beauty prompts the smile ;
 Ye Fair, the latent evil shun,
 A coxcomb's aim is to beguile.

IX.

He, with the cormorant of pow'r,
 The rising sun can seldom greet ;
 Their plan to ruin and devour,
 Where darkness covers their retreat :
 Yet these felicity pursue,
 For this each Quixote fallies forth ;
 Like artless navigators, who,
 Still southward steer, to find the north !

X.

But Phœbus now, with fiercer fires,
 Refulgent in his car ascends ;
 From *morning thoughts* your bard retires,
 And thin applause his sole amends.
 With sep'rate views from morn to eve,
 Thus life's machine moves swiftly on ;
 *Till death our senses undeceive,
 The carriage stops, and all is done !

MIDNIGHT THOUGHTS.

I.

LOCK'D are the golden gates of Day,
 'Tis thine, O Night! the key to keep;
 Morpheus, in velvet's soft array,
 Has hush'd the busy world to sleep!
 Now Fancy waves her magic rod,
 And roving spreads her airy wings;
 Now flatter'd kings assume the god,
 And vassals, dreaming, ape their kings.

II.

The Lover, free from hopes and fears,
 In extacy imparts the kiss;
 The Nymph, undone, forgets her tears,
 Exulting in ideal bliss:
 Deception all!—'tis thus in life,
 Our passions grasp at each extreme;
 Pleasure and pain's eternal strife,
 Convinces life is all a dream!

III.

Yet, Hail sweet Sleep, in poppies drest,
 Health's kindest Sister, queen of peace;
 In thee distinction sinks to rest,
 In thee our daily troubles cease:

Thy

[6]

Thy willing captives blest thy chain,
 Yet slaves at thy command are free;
 Poets and princes own thy reign,
 And stand on equal terms in thee!

IV.

Yet, like the sons of gay delight,
 When most thy visit sorrow needs;
 Too oft thou tak'st a distant flight,
 And death's eternal sleep succeeds!
 Eternal!—no: Death's transient reign,
 Like thine, shall revolution see;
 The solemn trump shall burst his chain,
 And set whole realms of captives free.

V.

And thou, O Night! the Muse shall hail,
 Whose awful gloom the soul invades;
 Suns in their burning spheres may fail,
 But thou shalt triumph in thy shades.
 Ere Order sprung, in depths profound
 Thy universal sway was known;
 Chaos, thy ruder brother, own'd
 The ancient sceptre thine alone.

VI.

O see! obsequious to thy nod,
 Dividing clouds obedient fly;
 See the drawn curtain of a god
 Unfold the glories of the sky!

View

View the amazing canopy,
 The wide, the wonderful expanse ;
 Let the bold infidel agree,
 That God is there, unknown to chance !

VII.

There the amazing volume read,
 Where worlds illumin'd fill the page ;
 Where radiant orbs their Maker plead,
 And in his great behests engage !
 There, learned Dunces of the schools,
 Behold the language stars can teach ;
 Then bending own JEHOVAH rules
 Beyond your philosophic reach !

ODE to BENEVOLENCE.

I.

LET Fame her thousand temples raise,
 Her ardent sons to charm ;
 Far, far from each ambitious maze,
 Do thou, Benevolence, inspire
 My humble song with sacred fire,
 For thou can'st kindly, doubly warm !
 Noblest tenant of the breast,
 The Soul's divine, indulgent guest,
 Be thou my friendly theme !
 For venal purposes address'd,
 Let others raise
 Their partial praise,
 To me 'tis all a transitory dream.

II. Let

II.

Let learning's philosophic eye
 Aloft thro' fields of azure fly;
 And, more than human, soar to trace
 The amphitheatre of space,
 With more than Newton's art;
 Yet blest Benevolence can yield,
 To man's pursuit a fairer field,
 And teach to humanize the heart.

III.

Yes, fair descendant of the skies!
 Already o'er my soul,
 'Midst stern Necessity's* surrounding cries,
 I feel thy genial pow'r arise
 Diffusive thro' the whole!
 And tho' reluctant at the shrine
 Of Penury compell'd to kneel,
 ('Tis Merit's fate as well as mine :)
 Yet thou, Benevolence divine,
 With lenient balm canst kindly heal!
 'Tis thine the furrow'd brow of Care
 To smooth, and stamp thy smiling image there.

IV.

In happy Albion's early days,
 Ere Luxury, thy foe, was known,
 With horrid rule to fix his throne,
 And his rapacious jaws to raise;
Ere

* Occasioned by the Author's want of labour, from the
 general stagnation of trade.

Ere av'rice was, in wrath, design'd
 A gen'ral curse to human kind ;
 Then, (for a tear was seldom seen)
 All wore the gracious smile serene
 Of frugal plenty crown'd with health ;
 Joy's blissful cup, with hearty glee,
 Went cheerful round, high fill'd by thee ;
 And thou their noblest wealth !

V.

But shall the Muse in sighs rehearse
 Of modern times the sad reverse ?
 Or trace the various scenes of woe,
 Where melting tears unnotic'd flow ;
 Where indigence must, shock'd, sustain
 Th' insulting looks of cold disdain ?—
 Ah ! no—there live, our isle to grace,
 High o'er the rest of human race ;
 Who mark, with sympathetic soul,
 The waves of sorrow as they roll,
 And soften each distress :
 And sure all Heav'n itself conspires
 To raise its sons whom pity fires,
 Who feel no greater blessing than to bless !

The INVITATION:

A Jocular Poetic Epistle to a Friend, in Return
for a Present of Bacon.

*In humble imitation of the late ingenious Dr. Goldsmith's
celebrated Epistle to Lord Clare, (now Earl Nugent) in
return to his Lordship for a present of Venison.*

THANKS my Friend, for your Bacon; for
sweeter, I vow,
Ne'er wallow'd in hog-stie, or sprung from a sow!
Its flavour how fine! how delightful its hue!
How ruddy! how solid! how delicate too!
Had Hogarth cast eye on't, the Muse here presages,
His pencil had feasted the eyes of all ages!
Had such blest'd the paunch of old Quin*, fam'd
in story,
He ne'er had immortaliz'd *Piper* and *Dory*.
Had Whitehead but glanc'd it, that laurel-deck'd
bard
Had paid it, no doubt, his poetic regard.
In *savoury stanza* or *high-season'd ode*,
'Thad reach'd great Apollo's Olympic abode!
Duck, erst so renown'd as a poet and thresher,
Would have dropp'd *pen* and *flail* to have lick'd such
a rasher!

And

* Quin the late player was a corpulent epicure, and extremely fond of two species of fish, called *Piper* and *Dory*: the latter, resembling Gurnet, he made famous by giving it the Christian name of John: hence it is called *John Dory*.

And Goldsmith, sweet bard ! ne'er of Ven'son had
sung,

If high in his hall my fat bounty had hung !
For say, ye pre-eminent sons of good cheer,
To a well-pamper'd hog, what's a forest of deer ?
Could Rome's greedy monks such a treasure but see,
In the light it appear'd to domestics and me,
To greafe their plump gills they'd devoutly incline,
And in catholic rapture make saints of their swine.
Astrologers deep, upper regions may cram,
With wonders celestial, bull, scorpion, or ram ;
Could they give but my Bacon its due exaltation,
'Twould shine next the Bear, a span-new constel-
lation.

It made, *quite in season*, a dish, let me tell ye,
For kings, if, like poets, e'er vacant in belly !
O had it once blest Britain's Ruler in Chief,
The Royal * Old Buck ne'er had knighted his
Beef !

But kings other *nutriment* wisely have found ;
They *fatten* on all their good subjects around.

“ Hold, Friend ! now you mutter—No satire
ill pointed——

“ No slander, I beg !—pray regard the anointed !”
Well then—quitting Kings, I'll adhere to the
Bacon——

A theme of more import—or, 'faith, I'm mistaken.
No Jew since Josephus, Turk, Tartar, or Persian,
Could have had to my Bacon the smallest aversion !
More likely, the swine-hating dupes, with delight,
Would leap at so choice, so delicious a sight !—

C 2

With

* One of our Kings is said to have given the title of Sir to the loin.

With deep-planted gratitude having survey'd it,
 On *worm-pester'd* table we decently laid it :
 (Which table a true antiquarian would mark,
 And swear 'twas old Noah's ere pent in the ark.)
 So we slic'd it and fry'd it—how else should we
 treat it ?——

Then humbly sat down and most cordially ate it.
 First blessing our fortunate planets to see
 Repast so benevolent, timely, and free !——

With ardour most fervent, now grateful I burn,
 To pay you a pledge of respect in return ;
 So beg you'll accept of this poor invitation ;
 To no luscious banquet or costly collation,
 But to such humble fare, just by way of a dinner,
 As falls to the lot of a poet and sinner,
 Who, frequent compell'd like cameleon to feed,
 Would now, for your sake, to substantials proceed ;
 From whence you'll this offer in no wise rebuke,
 Nor think you'd dine equal with “ Humphry the
 “ Duke ;”

My table, tho' Gothic, shall welcome your eye,
 As sob, oft a vacuum, may chance to supply :
 Here don't look disdainful, nor ruffle your brow,—
 Scarce bless'd with a calf, can I offer a cow ?
 No a-la-mode slip-flops your maw shall be cheating,
 We beer-drinking Britons love solids in eating ;
 No turtle luxurious, fat alderman's fare,
 You e'er at my mud-wall'd apartment will share :
 For Luxury reddens, indignant, to see,
 No approach can be made to my cottage and me.

My

My friend! we'll have something that's "pretty and
"small,"

Just an humble degree above "nothing at all;"—
Yet such as, I trust, will your murmurs prevent,
Keen stomach for sauce you must mix with con-
tent.

Here again you may deem me a whimsical prig,
Conceiving the sauce may o'erbalance the pig:—
Yes—Pegasus slackens, to hear you declare,
With aspect suspicious, strong doubts of the fare!
And thus you proceed——"Why, this dinner
"uncertain

"Lies deeply conceal'd by his metre-spun curtain:
"If high in suspense thus his eatables stand,
"What structure of hope hath his diligence plann'd
"For a liquid regale?"—Why, in troth, to be real,
We "Verse-men" deal frequent in matters ideal:—
With nectar ambrosial the gods we can cheer;
On earth though unable to furnish small beer.—
So now commence hero—to venture is brave,
'Till trial I stand, no acquittal I crave:
O'er doubts and surmises with vigour advance,
Nor flinch, though your luck depends much upon
chance:

Thus explicit is friendship!—yet oft, my good
Friend,

Proximity sickens—so now for an end!
Premising, for riches we never shall delve,
Let's laugh at false honour—to-morrow at twelve.

ODE to HOPE.

The SUBJECT given by J. BERNARD, Esq.

I.

PROPitious Goddess ! sweetest Friend !
 Queen of futurity, attend,
 And crown my humble lines ;
 For poets, like their monarchs, raise
 On thee their pyramids of praise,
 And all their vast designs !

II.

Madly impatient of a name,
 The furious Bard aspires to fame,
 By thee, his star, led on :
 But ah ! what hapless ills betide
 The wretch who overruns his guide
 And will himself outrun !

III.

Yet, blest'd by thee, what are the dreams
 Of nymphs Æonian, or the streams
 Of fabled Helicon !
 Rich draughts from thy all-cheering font
 Will lift us o'er Parnassus mount,
 To heights beyond the sun !

IV. Tho'

IV.

Tho' o'er the unavailing strife
Of man to sweeten human life,
Unfriendly stars prevail ;
E'en there thy influence benign,
Rich beam ! shall in depression shine,
And turn the sinking scale.

V.

When fierce Bellona calls to arms,
Thy flame the martial hero warms,
And strengthens in the field :
Flush'd with ideal victory,
His confidence is plac'd in thee,
Beyond Minerva's shield.

VI.

Inspir'd by thee, a hardy train
Advent'rous plough the foaming main,
And all its storms defy ;
Thro' thy perspective glass they view
The golden treasures of Peru,
Their own in fancy's eye.

VII.

Upborne by thee, the sinking state
With patience bears th' enormous weight
Luxurious mischief lays ;
By thee, when ruin's destin'd hand
With selfish strokes alarm the land,
We see still happier days.

VIII. At

VIII.

At thy command the furrow'd field,
The barren glebe, rich treasures yield,
And lonely deserts smile ;
Each sweating peasant, charm'd by thee,
Encreasing golden crops can see,
To recompense his toil.

IX.

Enwapt in Winter's frozen arms,
When cold Aquarius opes in storms,
His northern magazines ;
By thee his rude assaults we bear,
And see advancing Spring appear,
In all her flow'ry scenes.

X.

Thou, like the day's refulgent lord,
Thy genial comforts dost afford
Impartial to the throng :
From nights of woe to mid-day blaze,
Affliction's sons the beam can raise,
And sighs convert to song.

XI.

Thus when deep conflicts wound the soul,
When Sorrow's waves tempestuous roll,
And ills on ills annoy ;
Upheld by thee we baffle Fate,
And see a more auspicious date
That rouses us to joy.

XII. Life,

XII.

Life, in its most exalted sphere,
 Unblest'd by thee is empty air,
 A bubble all at best ;
 For when the busy strife is o'er,
 Hope lifts us to a farther shore,
 To an eternal rest.

XIII.

By thee we more divinely spring,
 Than on imagination's wing,
 Or fancy's airy car ;
 High o'er ethereal fields we rove,
 And taste the glorious realms above,
 Where Heav'n's bright legions are.

XIV.

But, lost to reason, when we stray
 Thro' error's too-frequented way,
 To give our passions scope ;
 Then, like an *Ignis Fatuus* thou,
 Delusive fliest—a phantom now—
 For what has vice to hope ?

XV.

Thro' ev'ry age thy friendly ray
 Has still illumin'd all the way
 Where Virtue ever trod ;
 The Great First Cause of all things known,
 By thee has pointed to the throne
 Where Bliss proclaims the God !

D

XVI.

XVI.

Then let me ever bend to thee,
Parent of immortality,
And hail thy sacred shrine !
O guide me to the happy shore
Where thou shalt cease, and all thy pow'r
To endless joys consign !

The GREATEST BLISS:

A P O E M.

I.

MY Name d'ye ask ? and would you find
The greatest bliss the Gods bestow ?
For once be to your wishes kind ;
Read on—the sequel stands below.

II.

Far from the splendid glare of kings,
The pompous artifice of pow'r ;
Far from the false sublime of things,
Deceptive vision of an hour.

III.

Far from the desolating pow'r
Of ruthless tyrants, fond to see
Rapine and Death whole realms devour,
To glut their pride and—infamy !

IV.

IV.

Far from the temple rais'd to fame
 On honour's mount, with titles grac'd ;
 There wild ambition of a Name
 Of ME has ev'ry mark effac'd.

V.

Far from the sycophantic brood,
 Who, like their setters, creep for prey ;
 Whose only virtue's understood
 To win the crust and sneak away !

VI.

Far from the all-obdurate heart,
 Where the soft feelings ne'er had place ;
 Where sympathy could ne'er impart
 Comfort to Sorrow's hapless race.

VII.

Far from that mock of all things good,
 The canting, hypocritic elf ;
 The seeming saint divine, who would
 Cheat God, his country, and—himself !

VIII.

Far from the miser's dark domain,
 Where fancied furies haunt his cell,
 Where life's prime means enhance his pain,
 And give, ere death, the wretch's hell.

IX.

IX.

Far from their fallacy of mind
 Who put on friendship to betray ;
 Who high in zeal to be more kind
 Stab in a more successful way.

X.

Far from the world's tumultuous strife,
 The fixt impediment to me ;
 Where in the partial glass of life
 Mankind the wrong of all things see.

XI.

Would you my sacred temple find,
 In path illusive cease to roam ;
 My hallow'd name is PEACE OF MIND,
 An HONEST HEART my blissful home.

On the foregoing Verses.

By Mrs. — of EXETER.

I.

SINCE, JONES, you with energetic fire
 "The Greatest Bliss" could harmonise ;
 To other sounds attune the lyre,
 And sing whence ills supreme arise.

II.

II.

Tell us whence plagues superior reign,
 That give our misery its date ;
 So may mankind avoid the pain,
 And shun their oft lamented fate.

DELIA.

The AUTHOR'S ANSWER.

KNOW, loveliest part of all created things,
 A Female's pain from indiscretion springs ;
 With *Men* thus stand the greatest plagues of life,
 A *vicious heart* and a *tormenting wife* !

FALLACY of HUMAN PURSUITS:

A P O E M.

I.

WITH anxious care why seeks the heart
 To share of joy a greater part
 Than mortals ever knew ?
 At casual evils why repine,
 Or strive to trace each great design,
 Kept wisely from our view ?

II.

II.

A something, hard to be exprest,
Self-love implants in ev'ry breast ;
Its impulse we obey—
Order's grand chain we thus impair,
Thus strive for nature's roses where
The thorn obstructs the way !

III.

Self-love, prime motive of the mind,
Becomes a torment when assign'd
To all our want inspires ;
'Tis error's brat, in fondness nurs'd—
Mankind were ne'er so deeply curst
As by their own desires !

IV.

Yet these, *kind Agents* ! urge us on ;
Full-arm'd against ourselves we run
And war ignobly wage :
For lo, amidst the ill-tim'd strife,
The object fled, may ne'er in life
Again our views engage !

V.

For time we sigh—heav'n grants it wings—
It swiftly flies, yet seldom brings
The gracious boon we crave ;
Fallacious Hope deludes us still,
And Time redoubles ev'ry ill
We partially would wave !

VI.

VI.

In Error's maze we join the throng,
 Passions enticing us along,
 False guardians of our peace !
 Terrestrial pleasure trims on high
 Her midnight lamp ; we thither fly,
 And bid our sorrows cease.

VII.

Serenely turn to life's first page,
 Tread o'er again the slipp'ry stage
 From childhood up to man ;
 Of ev'ry joy and ev'ry fear
 The vast result will soon appear,
 From Truth's unerring plan.

VIII.

Of Bliss the swelling portion weigh,
 From youth, and love, and fancies gay
 That tinge the early mind !
 Oppose to these the dire alarms
 Of Sorrow's visionary forms,
 When stars we deem unkind.

IX.

Chimera all !—absurd extremes !
 Issue of Passion, waking dreams,
 To Reason unallied.—
 Pleasures from nobler sources spring,
 And pains lose half their dreaded sting,
 Religion's balm applied.

X.

Untaught in philosophic schools,
Unskill'd in scientific rules,
For learning set apart ;
Yet truth conspicuous thro' the whole,
Tells me felicity of soul
Is rectitude of heart !

XI.

Heav'n deigns us wisdom, honour, fame,
And all that constitute a name,
With either India's store :—
Will these eradicate desire ?
Will fickle fancy soar no higher,
Nor shall we ask for more ?

XII.

And stands the mind serenely bent
The shafts to ward of discontent,
At Fate's severest stroke ?
Shall ne'er the perfidy of friends,
Who forfeit faith for private ends,
Our serious wrath provoke ?

XIII.

Shall Man, proud Master ! thus preside
O'er human error—human pride ?
Be mortal, yet divine ?—
Usurper, no !—first crave the aid
Of him by whom all worlds are made,
Ere happiness be thine !

XIV.

XIV.

He, kind Director ! sets us free
 From all the fond absurdity
 Presumption seems to know :
 From that dependence when we fall,
 We bid a long farewell to all
 Felicity below !

XV.

If still thy reason doubts, away ;
 From Pow'r's high pinnacle survey
 The glories of a crown !
 Mark well, amidst the splendid glare,
 If meek Contentment, cherish'd there,
 Reclines on beds of down ?

XVI.

Ah no !—th' Imperial Lord, whose sway
 Subservient millions must obey,
 Outsoars a placid mind :—
 Charm'd by the fascinating blaze
 Of wider rule, too wide he strays,
 From all a king should find !

XVII.

Hark ! the shrill trumpet from afar
 Breathes to the harsh extremes of war,
 And mad confusion, reigns :
 Hot Fury rears aloft her head,
 Blood, limbs, and lifeless trunks o'erspread
 The desolated plains.

XVIII.

Is this of Life's fond aim the fruit .
Is this tranquility's pursuit ;
And rests our hope on this ?
Mistaken mortal ! turn thine eyes ;
Far hence the happy prospect lies,
The zenith of thy bliss !

XIX.

In this precarious state of things,
One truth divine for ever springs
Which chance can ne'er controul ;
Virtue bids pride, bids discord cease ;
Secures us harmony and peace,
The solace of the soul !

E X T E M P O R E :

On the GENERAL FAST, 1781.

I.

WHILE, lost to Honour's equitable call,
The hostile sword perfidious nations wield;
Before th' OMNIPOTENT we prostrate fall,
Our mighty Buckler ! our eternal Shield !

II.

II.

What then avails it that in dread array
 Their vaunting legions urge their wayward speed ?
 If war's Almighty Ruler turns away,
 Nor deigns their formidable host to lead !

III.

Or what avails it that we suppliant kneel,
 Cœlestial aid obsequious to implore ;
 Unless repentance shall our pardon seal,
 And prompt th' offender to offend no more !

IV.

Yet vain are man's resolves, each effort vain,
 Whilst pride tyrannic lords it o'er the heart ;
 Whilst wrath's illib'ral emissaries reign,
 And rancour e'en to Christian minds impart !

V.

A Christian Mind ! how ravishing the sound !
 How soft the peace-inciting music charms !
 No more let war's destructive clamours wound ;
 No more Bellona rouse the world to arms.

VI.

Ye sceptred scourges of Creation's pride,
 Your Maker's image, form'd for social good !—
 O say, to Heav'n what off'rings are applied
 In expiation for your realms in blood ?

VII.

VII.

Still, if this wide, this wasting scene of death
And desolation for transgression springs,
In resignation, with our latest breath,
Due praise attribute to the KING OF KINGS !

VIII.

Yet, O sweet Peace, our too-devoted isle
Deign to revisit with thy wonted grace !
To our contrition grant th' indulgent smile,
And ev'ry mark of enmity efface !

IX.

Cœlestial Peace, commission'd from on high
By thy great Author, harmony restore !
So to thy olive-branch all realms shall fly,
And war's harsh trumpet shall be heard no more !

An APRIL MORNING.

I.

BEHOLD ye philosophic few,
Whose souls a warm expansion feel,
How seasons to their Author true
Revolve on time's unceasing wheel !
Winter, that erst in frozen chains
The pow'rs of vegetation bound,
Now quits the r'animated plains,
Where balmy zephyrs breathe around.

II.

II.

From orient hills the cheering sun
 Refulgent rolls with force supreme ;
 The lark her carol has begun,
 And soars to meet the genial beam :
 The trees that deck yon rising brow,
 So late unclad and joyless seen,
 Their bursting foliage spread, and now
 Kind Nature wears her lively green.

III.

The sweet musicians of the spray
 (Absorpt in sleep a human throng)
 In hymns salute the rising day,
 And greet their Maker in a song !
 O be their nests imperv'ous rear'd
 To busy school-boy's prying eye ;
 Instinctive fondness ever guard
 Their tender young from dangers nigh !

IV.

For lo ! with secret steps and slow
 A vagrant tribe insatiate rove ;
 With cruel joy each stands a foe
 To choral charmers of the grove !
 With nobler aim, ye youth, pursue
 Protection's kind, indulgent call !
 Nor dream Creation's Lord can view,
 With unconcern, a "sparrow fall !"

V.

The cuckoo, with unvaried note,
 Excursion makes with ardent wing;
 From yon green copse, with vocal throat
 He hails the sweet return of Spring!
 Ye curious sons of Fortune's train,
 To distant climes who early roam,
 Strong semblance see; from proof 'tis plain
 You cuckoo's go—and so come home.

VI.

Blyth Flora now, o'er dewy vales,
 Prolific odours richly pours:
 And now the teeming hills and dales
 Bring forth their choicest, sweetest flow'rs.
 Fit emblem these of all the joys
 At which our fondest struggles aim;
 Their beauty Time too soon destroys,
 A casual Triumph all their claim!

VII.

The early woodman near the glade,
 From cot recluse the brow beneath,
 Keen strokes repeats; the branches laid,
 He binds in complicated wreath.
 From humble scrip salubrious food
 At stated hour behold him take;
 Content, again, with strength renew'd,
 He thins the too luxuriant brake.

VIII.

VIII.

See buxom lasses o'er the field
 Their brimming pails with glee sustain,
 For now the kine more plenteous yield
 Lacteal stores, rich source of gain !
 The lusty steers the peasants yoke,
 The late-sown mould to harrow deep ;
 And now along the hill they smoke ;
 High rule their whistling drivers keep.

IX.

With joy extatic o'er the soil
 The ardent master grateful strays,
 The copious prospect all his toil
 With pleasing hope abundant pays !
 Ye potent Lords of fame and wealth,
 Whose morning pleasure sloth beguiles,
 'The Farmer's cheek see flush'd with health,
 For him the gay creation smiles !

X.

Hail Rustic Toil ! serenely crown'd
 With all the comforts life can give ;
 Health, peace, and competence abound ;
 For more than these can Monarchs live !
 Let folly stem th' impetuous tide
 Of false magnificence alone ;
 A cottage by the woodland side
 Has charms for me beyond a throne !

XI.

But mark, along the southern sky,
 Erst clear—a perfect azure all ;
How sudden clouds effusive fly,
 Portending rain's prolific fall !
The breeze subsides—the sun is hid ;
 A show'r descends in lib'ral drops :—
A murmur Gentle Pow'rs forbid !—
 From these are Nature's vernal crops !

XII.

Earth's lap the gracious boon receives,
 The fragrant hedges breathe perfume ;
Phœbus redoubled lustre gives,
 As pleas'd his splendor to resume :—
But see, in yon opposing cloud
 Of varied hue, th' Ethereal Bow ;
It speaks Omnipotence aloud
 To gazing mortals here below !

XIII.

Short space the beauteous wonder keeps
 Its form immense ; dissolving now,
Refreshing wind the welkin sweeps,
 And clears the misty mountains brow.
Successive thus is human life,
 Bright suns and clouds alternate play ;
A medley all, of joy and strife,
 A chequer'd, changing, April day !

The

The OLD YEAR: a Retrospect.

WRITTEN JAN. 1778;
Soon after the unfortunate Surrender at *Saratoga*.

I.

FLED is the all-important year
Of boasting, blust'ring, seventy-seven;
With triumph, toil, defeat, and fear
'Twas checquer'd—such the will of Heav'n!

II.

Survey with retrospective eye
Each dread event with which it teems;
The force, by Reason's standard try,
Of all our fond delusive dreams.

III.

To crush Rebellion's hydra head
Bellona rais'd her dire alarms;
Then see the vast Atlantic spread
With British legions, fierce in arms!

IV.

Assistant Warriors fly, for gain,
From distant climes to quell the foe;
But ah! how luckless! bold Germaine*
Should plan, not execute the blow.

F

V.

* Lord G. Germaine, the American Secretary.

V.

The Hero, as in fifty-nine,
Transfers the executive pow'r;
Serene, *at home*, he chalks the line,
An hostile continent to scour.

VI.

The Mighty Chief, erst dread of Gaul,
To other swords the hazard gave;
His head projects the rebels' fall,
Whose hand the bloody deed would wave.

VII.

Heroes of yet untainted name
The calls of honour nobly meet;
Their country's love imparts a flame
To render victory complete.

VIII.

But how detach'd at distant times,
The squadrons small, let records tell—
To fame when one projector climbs,
In judgment sure he should excel.

IX.

His piercing eye, his ardent heart,
Should no occasion famely lose;
'Tis he, alas! must feel the smart,
Who, unsupported, yet pursues.

X.

X.

The motley scene of things, ah ! who
Can, as it stands, serenely trace ?
Here Conquest claims the laurel due,
And there Dismay entails disgrace.

XI.

Events of war are in the hand
Of high Omnipotence alone ;
Impartial justice still must brand
The ill-form'd measures of our own !

XII.

Burgoyne, for thee soft Pity bleeds ;
Thy steadfast soul a wound must feel,
Which (tho' thy each achievement pleads)
The balm of Time can never heal.

XIII.

Thy brave, intrepid, faithful Band,
Rush'd on, as Valour led the way ;
Unfed, o'ernumber'd, now they stand,
A sad, devoted, helpless prey !

XIV.

Ye gen'rous sons of martial fire,
Your prowess claim'd a nobler fate ;
Fall'n, or inactive, Realms admire,
And give your zeal immortal date !

XV.

XV.

Thro' scenes of blood your bold compeers,
With fate lamented still may roam :
For them we fear ; yet greater fears
Alarm, from blundering foes at home.

XVI.

Britons, to stop the wayward force
Of foul revolt and impious pride,
Let judgment shape your arduous course,
And Roman virtue be your guide !

XVII.

Freedom's the cry, th' essential strain
Of anxious mortals here below ;
'Till peace, good-will, and concord reign,
That freedom mortals ne'er will know.

XVIII.

Ye far misled, to freedom bow,
In conscious guilt no longer bold ;
And may the Year commencing now
In plans of peace surpass the Old !

CHRIST.

CHRISTMAS FREEDOM:

To a F R I E N D.

I.

DEAR SIR, this festive season brings
A plenteous store of goodly things
Where Fortune deigns to smile;
December's gloomy brow to cheer,
Mirth crowns the swift-departing year
And mitigates our toil.

II.

The season'd ham—the smoaking fowl—
The circling friends—the sparkling bowl—
Combine to give delight;
Whilst jocund youth, in humour gay,
With smiling age beguile the day,
And harmonize the night.

III.

But how reverse must be his lot,
Whom Fate consigns to mud-wall'd cot,
Short commons, cold, and care!
In vain, for him, the loaded spit,
In vain the rich ingredients meet
A pudding's form to wear.

IV.

IV.

The crusted pie, the pamper'd goose,
The barrel's song-inspiring juice,
To him no joys afford ;
Save that, by some blest star inclin'd,
He seeks your mansion—sure to find
An hospitable board.

V.

Time was ! (how deep in its decline !)
When solid ribs, or rich sitloin,
Meek indigence invited ;
When condescension levell'd all,
And when the mirth-resounding hall
The penfive heart delighted.

VI.

But how revers'd the modern scene !—
“ *Yet what can these reflections mean ?* ”
You ask : “ *Can Bards repine ?* ”
“ *Those Sons of Song, who proudly soar*
“ *To cull Parnassus' richest store,*
“ *And sip of streams divine ?—*

VII.

“ *Can such complain ?* ”—Why, soft, my Friend :
The tow'ring eagle may ascend,
Yet drop for food below !
One inch of solid beef weighs more
With me, than all th' ideal store
Parnassus can bestow !

VIII.

VIII.

We sing of Nectar quaff'd by Jove
And all the Olympic friends above,
Choice Spirits of the skies ;
Yet what poor Bard, half-fed on air
In garret high, can tell me where
The Muses' cupboard lies !

IX.

From Homer down to Pope rever'd,
Apollo's brightest sons have shar'd
The Nine's fallacious favours :
Castles on high they oft might rear,
But found nor cook nor kitchen there,
To aid their keen endeavours.

X.

The Nymphs Cœlestial (by their leave)
Like sublunary nymphs, deceive,
No zeal their grace secures ;
To find their pantry, try their wit
Who will—the grand research I'd quit
For short access to yours.

*Occasioned by a Dispute respecting the Origin of War,
Source of Happiness, &c.*

One of the AUTHOR's First Attempts.

To Mr. WM. BRIMBLE, at BATH.

I.

FROM War's alarms and broils of State,
The noisy clamours of the Great,
Let us, my Friend, retire :
The jarring world's tumultuous strife,
The busy, restless ills of life
Let us no more admire !

II.

Thro' fleeting life's meand'ring round
The sweets of social bliss are found
In harmony alone !
Blest law of love, to mortals giv'n,
By the propitious hand of Heav'n,
Society to crown.

III.

Their right to kill let tyrants plead,
See kingdoms fall, their heroes bleed,
And call it Fate's decree :
Content to stretch the friendly fleece,
Be mine the softer charms of peace,
From false ambition free.

IV.

IV.

Should pride no more inflame the mind,
Should love commence in human kind,
From whence true pleasures flow ;
No purple streams the hills would stain,
No mangled limbs bestrew the plain—
'T would be a heav'n below !

V.

Pride, thou eternal foe to peace !
O let thy baleful influence cease,
And give a truce to blood !
Honour and equity, howe'er
By thee unnotic'd, must appear
Th' inspirers of the Good !

VI.

Can all the treasures of Peru,
Can all the glory kings pursue,
One lasting comfort bring ?—
The homely rustic, in whose breast
Soft peace and innocence can rest,
Is blest beyond a king !

VII.

'Tis thee fair Virtue ! heav'nly ray !
Thy friendly beam illumines the way,
And points to lasting bliss.
All, all, who conscious fly to thee
Beneath thy wing secure shall be
Of endless happiness.

G

VIII.

My Friend, then let us centre there,
 To Virtue's sacred laws adhere,
 And nature's God adore !
 Our souls immortal then shall fly
 From earth to brighter worlds on high,
 When time shall be no more.

On Manning His MAJESTY's Fleet by the irregular Mode of Pressing indiscriminately.

Oscasioned chiefly by the many Cruelties committed
 in that unfeeling Service.

PROTECTING Angels keep me ever far
 From horror's type, a modern man of war !
 Where all the moral social ties of life
 Give place to imprecation, noise, and strife !
 Where meek-ey'd sympathy no more imparts
 The mutual feeling of congenial hearts :
 Where lawless bondage constitutes the freight,
 And stabs the vital freedom of the State ;
 Where coward tyrants lord it o'er the brave,
 And worth must kneel obsequious to a knave !
 Where petty avarice, that imp compleat,
 Robs the thin meal, and triumphs in the cheat,
 Where contemplation, source of human bliss,
 Insulted meets the universal hiss !

Where

Where science deep, the low-bred jest to shun,
 Down the wide stream of ignorance must run;
 Where ills on ills surround th' unhallow'd crew,
 And old oppressions yield the palm to new;
 And where the overflowing cup of gall
 Seems indiscriminately held to all!

—Yet dream not here, the Muse's partial song
 Our fleet's collective glory aims to wrong;—
 To wonted conquests may our squadrons ride,
 As honour calls and liberty may guide;
 'Till o'er astonish'd foes fierce vengeance hurl'd,
 Confirms *Old England* Empress of the world!
 Yet why, since freedom's ardour fires the brave
 Should chains compulsive constitute a slave?
 E'en horror shrinks, whene'er a captive race
 Augment in number to a realm's disgrace:
 When dragg'd to arms unwilling victims go,
 To kindle valour at the shrine of woe;
 With lawless rage when brutal ruffians treat
 The helpless unsuspecting wretch they meet;
 When melting tears from fond parental love
 In flinty bosoms no compassion move;
 When cruelty unparell'd below,
 By sanction'd insolence familiar grow!—
 These are the blots in Freedom's sacred page,
 This mars true valour in a warlike age.

Neptune may ride exulting o'er the deep,
 With Amphitrite constant dalliance keep;
Æolian

Æolian aid may summon at his will,
 The storm to raise or sweeping tempest fill;
 O'er wind and wave the god may govern free,
 His realms shall find no votary in me!

But what are ^{winds}~~words~~ to human storms that rage,
 Where madness, murmurs, strife and vice engage?

O Albion! still I'd range thy happy plains,
 Where rural freedom unmolested reigns!
 Where health springs joyous from the balmy
 breeze,
 And where e'en Poverty has charms to please!
 Where licenc'd tyranny forgets to roam,
 The swain to harrafs from his peaceful home:
 And where great Brunswic, from his steadfast
 throne,
 Indulgent smiles on Liberty alone!

The ROUZE to GLORY:

To every Able and hearty BRITON:

A SONG. *Tune, Rule Britannia, &c.*

I.
WHEN first the martial flame was spread,
 By freedom kindled o'er our isle,
 At once discordant party fled,
 And Union brighten'd every smile.

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

*Rouse ye, Britons, Heav'n wou'd see,
Its darling veterans are free!*

II.

Waken'd to valour by the call
Of baleful Perfidy's alarms,
Be this your glory, Britons all,
With stedfast souls to rush to arms!
Rouse, &c.

III.

Heroic ardour steels the mind,
And baffles threat'ned dangers nigh;
Heroes, the noblest of mankind,
Will punish perfidy or die!
Rouse, &c.

IV.

The haughty tribe, the Bourbon League,
In numbers vain may gasconade;
Be brave my Worthies! each intrigue
As basely falls as basely laid.
Rouse, &c.

V.

Their country's love, its firm defence,
Are warm incentives to the brave;
Great Mars cœlestial did from thence
On high forbid a British slave!
Rouse, &c.

VI.

VI.

Of Edward's arm, of Henry's too,
Of old, the glorious deeds recall,
When France's wooden-slipper'd crew,
Beheld their vanquish'd lillies fall !

Rouze, &c.

VII.

To arms, to arms, with Roman souls !
And Spain, deluded Spain, shall feel
No art eludes, no pow'r controuls,
The vengeful force of British steel.

Rouze, &c.

*To the Hon. Members of the Committee for
Ways and Means, 1779.*

I.

SINCE *Ways and Means* you can devise,
To drain the realm at ev'ry call,
Tell us, ye wisest of the wise,
The means to save poor Britain's fall.

II.

Tell us the ways and means to shun
Impending dangers all around ;
For aid, O tell us where to run,
How heal Britannia's bleeding wound !

III.

III.

Must Gaul uncheck'd base schemes pursue,
 Whom faith, whom honour never binds?
 Is Agincourt, is Cressly too,
 For ever lost to British minds?

IV.

Tell us the means to find that zeal
 With which our brave forefathers fought!
 Bleeding for-injur'd Britain's weal,
 All toil they shar'd, all dangers fought!

V.

Teach us the ways and means to save
 A valued track embu'd in blood!
 Bid peace her gracious banners wave
 On either side th' Atlantic flood!

VI.

O from St. Stephen's hallow'd walls
 Find means corruption dire to chase;
 Corruption, that our land enthrals,
 And bid fair honour fill its place!

VII.

So shall an empire, once the pride
 Of Jove, to your Committee bend!
 So Bourbon's schemes shall, mortified,
 To shades below, their home, descend.

On Some Unwarrantable Murmurs,

Occasioned by a supposed Deficiency in an Engagement in the West Indies, between the British Fleet under the Command of Admiral BYRON, and the French Fleet.

WRITTEN in 1779.

AGAIN the fumes of British discontent
 From partial motives find a copious vent ;
 In prejudice's mirrour things are seen,
 Depriv'd of half the righteous ends they mean !
 With Obloquy, alas ! few plans are right ;
 And Heads in Chief must both command and fight !
 As if this thesis was to keep its ground,
 That he who vanquisheth must help to wound !
 Infatuation, dangerous as new !—
 Our Leaders, Sir, have nobler things in view ;
 Namely, to keep our restive * Heroes back,
 Who rush precipitate at each attack ;
 Who, merciless, for fancied honour, dare
 To risk the ships and lives we cannot spare ;
 Who, stout in van, monopolize the wind,
 And leave the rear, without a breeze, behind !
 Who, from an old but controverted rule,
 Draw intrepidity from Glory's school !
 But where's the glory, when the list we read
 Of Worthies who in disproportion bleed ;

Compar'd

* Admirals Barrington and ——— who engaged whilst the Commander in Chief was becalmed.

Compared with these whose Saviour Chiefs obey
The rule, to “live, and fight another day.”
Hence Britons learn, (past faults the Muse forgives)
We still may boast a Hero—*while he lives!*

*On the Inactivity of the BRITISH and FRENCH Home
Fleets, at a Period when not expected.*

B RITAIN alarms proud GALLIA's coast,
And GALLIA our's affright :—
Tenacious, each maintains his post,
Nor cares to fly or fight.

From cautious schemes, so says my song,
Advantage may derive ;
Each Pow'r, to shew its force is strong,
Must keep its men alive !

*Written extempore, at the Time of the Combined Fleet's
Appearance, and in hourly Expectation of a General
Engagement on the Western Coast.*

I N dark suspense, the agitated mind
To doubt is led, and then to hope inclin'd ;
We hope, and may fair Truth proclaim it so !
Britain will triumph o'er th' insulting foe :
Again, we fear the dreadful die is cast,
And British Liberty must breathe its last !

H

What

Whate'er the awful issue of the day,
 Like Britons meet it, nor to fear give way ;
 If, at the justice of offended God,
 Appall'd we shrink, let's humbly kiss the rod !
 To crush proud Bourbon, if 'tis Heav'n's decree,
 Tho' Britons conquer, Heav'n's the glory be !

At the Time of the Combined Fleet's appearing off Plymouth, our's under Adm. Sir C. H—y could not be heard of, which gave Rise to the following Lines :

“ O YES !—O Yes ! ”—the Muses cry,
 To all the listening standers by,—

“ WHEREAS a British Fleet of force,
 “ Was westward seen to shape its course,
 “ (A fleet completed to prevent
 “ Chains, death, or deeper punishment,
 “ Which Gallic Fraud, or Spanish pride,
 “ By Hell assisted, may provide ;)
 “ And as this fleet, we're sore afraid,
 “ Is stol'n feloniously, or stray'd ;
 “ Or dragg'd to such pernicious distance,
 “ As all at once precludes assistance,
 “ Our complimentary thanks to pay,
 “ By Britons in their usual way,
 “ To foreign visitors who roam
 “ To take a peep and so go home :
 “ Now we, the fitters out, declare,
 “ That if this fleet, in sea or air,

Can

“ Can safe and sound be brought to light,
 “ As well we Britons hope it might,
 “ Just to convince each Bourbon friend
 “ The kind reception we intend :
 “ So we announce this sure reward,
 “ *A King and Country’s high regard.*”

The CHANNEL CHACE; O R, BRITONS TRIUMPHANT.

[An Old Witticism Revived.]

IN scouring the Channel such wonders are done,
 That Britain has made haughty Bourbon to run;
 The method, indeed, may excite people’s laughter;
 For—the British first ran, France and Spain fol-
 low’d after !

Answered ; by the same.

YOUR sneer, like your wit, will small laughter
 excite, [fight :
 Since we’ve beat ’em in heels, as we long did in
 You’ll own ’tis a maxim judiciously plann’d ;
 For, who learns well to run, must first learn to
 stand.

But strange the dilemma, permit me to say,
 When heroes can’t stand it, nor yet run away !—

Give

Give H—y but breath, he'll invert your stale whim,
And will follow them closely, as they follow'd him;
Then to keep up the chace, if to fight they're not
led,

Let them run into *Brest*, and we'll run to—*Spithead*.

*The Admirals of the Combined Fleet, to the Inhabitants
of Great Britain, on a late Naval Capture.*

[Written soon after the capture of the British West India Fleet by the Combined Fleet of France and Spain; previous to which capture Admiral Geary had unexpectedly returned into port.]

DROOP not ye stout Heroes, nor shrink ye
fair Ladies,

At those *trifling bottoms* we've clapt into Cadiz:—
You'll doubtless regain 'em—so let it not scare ye—
That is—if we send 'em*—to gallant Old GEARY.

BRITISH ANSWER.

YOU'VE nickt us in turn—but our Channel
campaign

Subsides for nine months—then to bo-peep again!
Should you *send*,—in *directing* pray don't be misled,
You know our old quarters—*Torbay* or *Spithead*!

* No mode for a fleet *at home* to obtain ships abroad but
by having them *sent*.

To the Gentlemen and Tradesmen of Exeter, who, to their immortal Honour, at an alarming Crisis, stood forth with laudable and unprecedented Zeal, to do military Duty in Rotation over a great Number of French Prisoners, removed from Cornwall, Plymouth, &c. on the Combined Fleet's Appearance near the Western Coast; and which Duty they performed with Alacrity and manly Perseverance till the Occasion totally ceased.

IN times like these, when all the virtues fire;
 When zeal stands forth for Heav'n to admire;
 When martial ardour, like the solar ray,
 Drives to her native cell dark fear away;
 When unexampled dignity of soul
 Bids softer pleasures bend to its controul;
 When firm *Exonians*, bold in Glory's cause,
 Bid private views subside, and partial laws;
 In times like these, ye souls of spirit, say,
 Shall I refuse an humble, artless lay,
 Nor join the thanks our Monarch deigns to pay?
 Thanks, which a Weymouth and a Lindsay gave,
 Due to the faithful, vigilant, and brave!
 Thanks, which a rous'd, insulted realm shall owe
 As long as gratitude can thanks bestow!
 Your twofold care, of commerce and the sword,
 A field for lasting plaudit must afford!
 In fame's immortal annals be it known,
Semper Fidelis * justly stands your own!

Your

* *Always faithful*:—City Motto, given by Q. ELIZABETH.

Your well-tim'd zeal shall other breasts inspire,
 Heroes remote shall catch the glowing fire !
 Diffusive still the glorious flame shall run,
 'Till Bourbon feels her fate, and sinks undone !

Again behold *Devonia's* Guardians* rise,
 Exalted Names salute our wond'ring eyes !
 Names, that to late posterity shall stand
 A monumental honour to the land !
 Those draw profusely from their golden store,
 And thousands rush to arms, unarm'd before ;
 Who laugh at insignificant parade,
 At Spanish pride, and Gallic gasconade.
 High Heav'n and these shall see dread vengeance
 hurl'd,

On Albion's foes thro' all th' admiring world.

* Alluding to a published list of persons, who meant, by subscription, to raise and pay troops for the defence of the country.

SONG for the BRITISH VOLUNTEERS.

TUNE, "*In story we're told, how our Monarchs of old,*" &c.

I.

HASTE, Worthies, away,
 The glad summons obey,
 'Tis Mars gives his warlike alarms ;
 In our annals 'tis clear,
 That perfidious Monsieur
 Ever trembled at Britain in arms, my brave boys,
 Ever trembled at Britain in arms.

II.

II.

Unaw'd our brave fwains
Shine forth o'er the plains,
The realms from all insults to free ;
Our Fleet o'er the waves
Gallic menace still braves,
For the Lord of our Isle rules the seas, my brave boys,
For the Lord of our Isle rules the seas.

III.

La Motte and Du Guichen
They boast to be rich in ;
In our list still a Rodney shall shine :—
Like Hawke he'll teach France
Their old runaway dance,
To the tune of the year fifty-nine, my brave boys,
To the tune of the year fifty-nine.

IV.

The fam'd Bourbon league,
Tho' so fond of intrigue,
British swords will for ever evade ;
To assault should they dare,
A long score in arrear,
Shall in thunders with int'rest be paid, my brave
Shall in thunders with int'rest be paid. boys,

V.

Unanimous all,
At Britannia's loud call,
To her glory in arms we advance ;
To our coast should they come,
Britons ever strike home,
Nor will flinch like the vassals of France, my brave
Nor will flinch like the vassals of France. [boys,

EX TEMPORE :—By REQUEST.

On seeing a Dutchman, about the time of the commencement
of the present war.

WHEN Souls congenial chance to meet,
To form convivial chat,
Of manners, men, or arms, they treat
As *this* may strike, or *that*.
We name the Dutch-folks, talk of them,
When nothing better offers ;
Retaliation prompts the scheme,
To drain their ill-fraught coffers.
To fleece Mynheer, it seems most fit
We downward seek his riches ;
A fly may bear away his wit,
But scarce a cart his breeches.

*The Year 1771 was famous for our Dispute with Spain
relative to Faulkland Islands : Our Laureat open'd
the New Year following with an Ode which made that
Dispute a Supposition—a mere Farce—all Imagination
—and the Rumour of it occasioned by Faction, &c. &c.
which gave Rise to the following :*

I.

FLUSH'D with ideas from the skies,
Behold the tow'ring Whitehead rise,
With pinions pluck'd from Brunswick's wing :
His high-form'd phrase sublimely shows
The sack-fed laurel o'er his brows
Spreads nobly, nurtur'd by a King !

II.

II.

Away delusion ! fears away !
 No more on British vitals prey ;
 Bellona, now, your thunders cease !—
 Ye rock-built fleets, our wonted pride,
 No more o'er seas triumphant ride ;
 The Laureat tells ye, *all is peace !*

III.

Of blood and slaughter in the air
 He teaches folly to beware :
 The frantic vision kindly shows,
 Impending dangers o'er our head
 Were by imagination bred,
 For happy Britain has *no foes !*

IV.

That Spain, *last year*, with hostile arm
 Some fear-fraught bosoms might alarm,
 Our bard attempts not to refute ;
 But then—that last year's sons were fools
 He plainly shews by certain rules ;
 And how dare we its truth dispute ?

V.

“ True to yourselves, ye Britons, prove,”
 And build upon your “ Sov'reign's love,”
 That rocky, steadfast, firm foundation :
 For should your honest well-tim'd zeal
 Run counter to superior will,
 'Tis, *fashion* deem'd—'twill sink the nation.

I

VI.

VI.

“ True to yourselves ! ” — the song repeat ;
 Sounds fram'd by Jove, to Britain sweet —
 Yet, *Whitehead*, learn this truth from me, —
 True when corrupted statesmen prove,
 Then, aided by a “ Sov'reign's love,”
 Britain will flourish and be free !

On Mr. BURKE's Bill for National Œconomy.

(THEN REJECTED.)

EPIGRAM.

I.

WHEN the fun of œconomy gladden'd our skies,
 Its beams were of excellent worth !
 O'er CHATHAM, it seems, it was oft seen to rise,
 But its setting was finally — NORTH !

II.

In whatever quarter it next shall be given,
 (As sure as in London the Thames is)
 Ere half it enlightens the walls of St. Stephen,*
 It first should illumine St. James's.

* House of Commons, so called.

Some of the PLACEMEN, to some of the PATRIOTS,
 (ON THE SAME OCCASION.)

NOW roar out petitions, ye long disappointed,
 Who share not the *sunshine* of Israel's anointed,
 That fund† which still sets life's machine quickly
 To Honour and Loyalty comes *overflowing* ! [going,
 But

† Treasury.

But never to *Faction*—far nobler its ends :—
 Why—*Corruption*'s a virtue amidst its own friends ?
 Learn then, ye abundantly prudent advisers,
 We furnish *State trimmers*, but never *State misers* ;—
 From thence, quite regardless of burthensome pelf,
 We spend for the Crown what it can't for itself.

HORACE's NINTH ODE, Book the First,
 imitated in Paraphrase ;

From the ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS.

SINCE Hall-down steep, and Dartmore wide,
 Involving snows successive hide ;
 Since rapid Exe and Tamer flow
 In frozen fetters cease to flow ;
 And Boreas, from his northern fences,
 Rudely benumbs our active senses ;
 Let's fire huge oaks, then heap on more,
 And Boreas and his storms outroar.

Pierce your old hogheads ! never stint us—
 Trivial draughts were never meant us ;
 Bid the oft replenish'd bowl
 Dilate the heart, expand the soul,
 'Till in the precious pool, old Care,
 Shall, drown'd, no longer triumph here !
 Then, flush'd with billets and with wine,
 At winter why should we repine ?
 The noisy world, in contest warm,
 May jar, yet give us no alarm :
 Be't our's in social peace to join,
 And quaff our glass beneath our vine.

Then

Then fill your bumpers ;—ne'er debate
 Of Court intrigues, or schemes of state :—
 To us why should it appertain,
 Of Government, which tugs the rein,
 Jack Pudding, S—d—ch, or Germ—ne ? }
 If, as some busy tongues allow,
 They've headlong drove into a slough ;
 To us it matters not a pin,
 Let 'em get out as they got in !—
 With musty politics away !
 The God of Mirth shall rule the day ;
 Love and good wine be all our care,
 No greater bliss Old Jove can share.

Of empire lost, we'll ne'er discuss,
 Our vaults are realms enough for us ;
 Our troops shall swift-heel'd waiters be,
 Full flasks their arms, their captains we !
 Bacchus, our General, sits in state,
 And bids us laugh at rigid fate.

Whilst then, my friend, good humour reigns,
 And sprightly blood runs thro' our veins,
 Improve the minutes of delight,
 Give friends the day, your *Miss* the night !
 Tho' subtle Phillis may be shy,
 And to some secret covert fly,
 Run—seek her thro' each mazy round ;
 She hides, but wishes to be found :
 Nor fruitless long shall be your chace ;
 Her titt'ring laugh betrays the place :

Yet

At your approach, tho' faint she spurns,
 Her willing lips your kiss returns ;
 Each, then, in rapture sweet shall melt,
 (Such raptures Mars and Venus felt)
 'Till Phœbus, jealous of their play,
 Rolls on in interrupting day.

To a miserable VERSIFIER of a GENTLEMAN'S
 PUBLIC LETTER.

O SAY, thou wondrous Versifier,
 That like a jack-weight dost aspire ;
 Dragg'd up by fond conceit, and then,
 By pond'rous dullness, sunk again ;
 Did some mischievous Demon tell thee
 Poetry and wit should swell thee ?—
 If e'er again cajol'd, be wise,
 And tell the Devil that he lies !

Or did Apollo, in his ire,
 Equip thee with a luckless lyre,
 (Well knowing thy absurd pretence,
 Thy lack of language, rhyme, and sense)
 And in derision send thee down,
 The daring monster of the town ?
 If so, his Godship in the spheres
 Might well have added *lengthen'd ears* ;
 A token that thy head, at least,
 Bears heavy marks of Balaam's beast.
 For 'tis (let fools say what they will)
 The greatest stretch of human skill

(Beyond

(Beyond a North-East-passage trying)
 To verify thy versifying;
 And critics swear, with one accord,
 'Tis uncouth jargon, by the L—d!

Yet see, so rich a boon to spare,
Sweet Cloafina now appear!
 Her *fragrant* temples, grac'd by thee,
 Have double fundamental fee:
 For who, that reads, but must repair,
 And offer all his tribute there?

This metre-marring fit of your's,
 Which at first sight a grin secures,
 Reminds me of a certain tale—
 Read on, and let it hence prevail:—

The birds and beasts upon a time
 (No matter when, or where the clime)
 Agreed to chuse themselves a king
 From those who could the sweetest sing:
 All met of course—the choral throng,
 Began the sweetly varied song;
 And emulation now conspir'd
 To make each candidate admir'd!
 The crown hung dubious, till the scale
 Inclined towards the nightingale:
 But now an ape, the brute's disgrace,
 (The meanest of the mimic race)
 Beheld the high-suspended gem,
 And long'd to lick the diadem:
 In short, he'd sing!—with force extreme
 He rais'd a frightful, hideous scream!—

The

The din no sooner he began
 But ev'ry beast affrighted ran:
 The birds the insult cou'dn't brook;
 So each, chagrin'd, its perch forfook:
 The prize they seiz'd—flew quick as wind—
 And left his monkey-ship behind,
 To curse the too-indignant hour
 He aim'd at things beyond his pow'r!

Now, Mighty Versifier, see,
 A moral hint I offer thee:—
 Ne'er soar above thy humble state,
 Nor write *to please*, and baffle Fate.

O D E :

*Addressed to the Rev. Mr. TASKER, on reading the
 third Edition of his popular Pindaric Ode, to the War-
 like Genius of Great Britain.*

I.

HAIL! DEVONIA'S PINDAR, hail!
 Again thou strik'st the living lyre,
 That emulates his boundless fire,
 Whose matchless strains could o'er old Greece pre-
 Thebes's Pindar (deathless name!) [vail!
 Ennobled each Olympic Game;
 The chariot's speed, or conqueror's might, his song.
 Ah! now, methinks, with ten-fold rage
 I see contending *Chiefs* engage;
 Around, by glory led, the Grecian Heroes throng!

II.

II.

To nobler views
 Thy patriot muse
 With well-tim'd energy ascends !
 Britannia calls to arms !
 Thy song each hero warms,
 And Virtue brightens in her noblest friends !
 By thee, as from an oracle divine,
 From past renown we learn to shine
 In all the pomp and victory of State !
 Thy honest truth-recording lays
 Turn back to those auspicious days
 When Edward's arm, and Henry's sword were fate !

III.

And shall a mighty realm despair ?
 No—banish the indignant thought !
 Illustrious Britons know no fear !—
 Those sons are Heav'n's peculiar care
 Whose mighty Sires such wond'rous deeds have
 wrought !

IV.

Again thou strik'st the patriot lyre,
 Friend to this insulted land !
 Bourbon shall feel Britannia's wonted ire,
 Long taught to tremble at her "*red right hand* !"

V.

Again thou strik'st the magic lyre
 That rais'd vast *Stonehenge* to our raptur'd view !
 The Bard,* who erst could Theban rocks inspire
 Must now the palm resign to you,

The

* Amphion.

The Bard of modern race!
 Sages no more,
 In learned lore,
 With vain attempt its wond'rous rise shall trace!
 Wak'd by the British lyre,
 From tenements of clay,
 Full in the glare of day,
 The Ghosts of ancient Druids rise!
 They catch the martial fire,
 Receive the rising Bard with glad surprize;
 They recognize the sound,
 And with enraptur'd ears they list'ning throng
 around.

VI.

The pile stupendous yet shall fall,
 In one vast ruin perish all!
 Lost to each wonder-seeking eye;
 Preserv'd in thy immortal lay,
 The Muse's structure never shall decay,
 But all the mighty wreck of time defy.

VII.

ACLAND, devoted son of Mars!
 Too early fall'n thy Muse deploras:
 Earth may receive his honourable scars,
 Those scars thy page immortally restores!
 Britons, still generous to the brave,
 Shall drop a sympathetic tear!
 Thou plant'st the living laurel o'er the grave,
 Which ages far remote shall lawfully revere!

VIII.

Again I hear the solemn sound
 That mourn'd thy Britain's fatal wound,
 In CHATWAM fall'n, the GREAT and GOOD !
 He, faithful Atlas of the State !
 Steady upheld the cumb'rous weight,
 And all opposing parricides withstood !
 At his auspicious name,
 Ye pallid boasters of the Bourbon line,
 Kneel trembling down, whiff Truth and Fame
 Repeat the matchless deeds of glorious FIFTY-NINE !

IX.

Son of the Muse, receive my song !
 To thee "sublimier strains belong ;"
 Thine is the classic lay !
 The Muse shall guard her favour'd son ;—
 Finish the mighty task begun,†
 Thy last and grand essay,
 In the *Horacian* and *Pindaric* way !
 Resume again thy wonted might,
 Crush dull Malevolence and Spite ;
 Strike once more thy lyre aloud,
 And shine more bright from out Oppression's cloud !

X.

"Phœbus shall from Heav'n descend,
 "His injur'd Poet to defend,

"And

† In allusion to Mr. TASKER's being, at that Time, engaged in translating some select ODES of PINDAR, and the principal ODES of HORACE, by Subscription ; the former of which have been since publish'd, and are now in general estimation in the Learned World ;—the latter, we are informed, are very soon to appear.

“And shoot his arrows bright;” ‡
Crush, at a blow,
Th’unnat’ral foe,*

And hurl him, headlong, to eternal night!

‡ The three lines with inverted commas, from Mr. TASKER’S printed piece in defence of Miss HANNAH MOORE, when invidiously treated by the London Critics.

* Mr. TASKER’S “unletter’d Brother-in-Law.”

*To an injudicious Critic, who assumed the Name
of CATO CENSOR.*

’TIS said when Vipers have their venom spit,
Their fat, applied, will heal the part that’s bit:
Thus ’tis with muddy scribblers when they write,
Their dullness proves an antidote to spite—
As mists, to clouds condens’d, obstruct the ray
Of radiant SOL, refulgent God of Day;
So gloomy critics, for remarks unfit,
Eclipse the beauties of satyric wit.—

This modern CENSOR, impotently dull,
Shews us his vast vacuity of scull;
Blindly obsequious to his *Mother’s** call,
Censure’s “false wit,” tho’ void himself of all!
Proudly presuming, flush’d with fond conceit,
He grasps at Fame, and contradicts his Fate!

Mistaken CATO! stop thy vain pursuit:
Thy barren soil can yield no genuine fruit:
By fogs surrounded, thou can’st ne’er aspire,
Thy frigid mass is destitute of fire:—
Throw off thy false, ill-suited, proud disguise;
Resign thy quill—be silent, and be wise.

EPI-

* Goddess of Dullness.

E P I G R A M

On a PUBLIC SPEECH, sadly delivered.

AN Afs of yore, deny it if you can,
In mode once spoke, as might become a man:—
A thing as *strange* was lately brought to pass;
Sir Prattle spoke, and so became an Afs!

*On the frequent FIRES which have happened in
the Town of CREDITON,*

Where the AUTHOR wrote most of his Pieces.

*(Written merely from Whim, and not in the least to sport with the
Calamities of the unfortunate.)*

THAT sins their ground amongst us keep,
Is plain, and needs but short confession;—
And Kirton well contrives to heap
The measure of our great transgression.—

The Romans boast a curious mode,
As most essential to Salvation;
That ere to Bliss they find the road,
Their Shades must sweat in warm *purgation*.

These needn't for that period wait,
If rightly at their case we guess;
It seems to be their happier fate,
To suffer where they first transgress.

If Heat expunges ev'ry Stain
Our *Salamanders* needn't fear:
A corner Pluto keeps in vain—
They stand a fiery trial here.

The

The L A M B forgot :

(A RURAL SKETCH.)

I.

THE Sky its azure vest display'd,
And hush'd was ev'ry breeze;
Save one, that round a blooming maid,
Soft whisper'd thro' the trees.

II.

With ardent mein the Virgin stood,
The Graces flush'd her cheek,
As in the too-sequester'd wood
She came her Lamb to seek——

III.

(The Lamb, young CORYDON, 'tis said,
Presented to the Fair,
To shew how innocently led
He'd make the Nymph his care.)

IV.

“ Ah ! was my sportive rover found,”
She cried, “ my heart 'twould cheer ;”—
The sweetest birds flew list'ning round,
Her sweeter voice to hear.

V.

“ But O,” the beauteous maid rejoin'd,
“ The Woodlands all deceive ;
“ My fleecy Wanton flies unkind,
“ And leaves me thus to grieve !

VI.

VI.

“Ye Pow’rs, did CORYDON—but hark !
 “Approaching steps I hear”——
 From Wood-bine thicket rush’d her Spark,
 By CUPID usher’d there !

VII.

With rapture fir’d, the blooming fair
 In extacy he press’d ;
 To soothe with kisses all her care,
 He thus the maid address’d :—

VIII.

“To seek it’s Dam, beneath yon brake,
 “Your Lamb, my Dear, is flown :
 “Tho’ stray’d the gift, the Giver take,
 “Again it is your own !”

IX.

Love laugh’d to see her blush consent,
 From church they reach’d his cot ;
 Ere half the blissful night was spent
 The Lamb was quite forgot !

*On hearing the STRIKING HARMONY of the
 MUSICAL GLASSES,*

At the EXETER THEATRE.

I.

THE Gods assembled on a time,
 (And Gods, you know, will quaff)
 Of matters talk’d, in mode sublime,
 And rais’d the jocund laugh.

II.

Swift flew th' ambrosial Nectar round ;
Of things *below*, their chat ;
Each Deity, in parts profound,
Convers'd of *this* and *that*.

III.

'Tis said, the subject turn'd, at length,
On Harmony and Ease ;
As who, with most delightful strength
Of Melody could please.

IV.

Of Musick's sons, an ample list
Before the Gods were thrown ;
When Jove, 'tis rumour'd, would insist
To name the *greatest* one.

V.

"And hark," rejoin'd th' enraptur'd God,
"Such sounds divine you'll hear,
"As yet ne'er reach'd our high abode,
"Or charm'd th' Imperial ear !"

VI.

He spoke, and thro' th' etherial space
Such soothing music flies,
As ne'er before, from human race,
Ascended to the Skies !

VII.

"And would you," said th' Imperial Lord,
"But learn who thus surpasses
"All human skill,—upon my word,
" 'Tis PERRY with his Glasses !"

MISERY

MISERY MATCH'D ; or, *The Miser in the Dark.*

I.

FAM'D Gregory Gripus, of Starvington-Hall,
Was counting his ill-gotten store,
His poor farthing taper he chanc'd to let fall,
And extinguish'd it lay on the floor.

II.

The locks, of his fortified chest, the strong guard,
Were open'd, nor dar'd he to move ;
In this sad dilemma, he bellow'd out hard,
For a light from *below* or *above*.

III.

Old Nick, who incog. was abroad on his rounds,
Recollecting Old Gripus's tone,
Peeps in, thro' the key-hole, and Gripus confounds,
With a *blue-burning* light of his own.

IV.

Surpriz'd, quoth the Miser, "Your aid, at a pinch,
" I own, is *infernally* civil——
" To save of one's candle sixteenth of an inch,
" Who would'nt but thank—e'en the Devil."—

V.

" One peep at thy pelf, and together we'll trudge,"
Quoth Nick,—" take a *final* farewell——
" The taper stern Pluto will never begrudge
" That lights wretched meanness to H—."

FRIEND-

FRIENDSHIP PROFESSIONAL:

Or, SYMPATHY MODERNIZED.

“**T**O doubt of my Friendship why should you pretend?—

“You know I was ever—I still am your friend!”
Thus Reuben to Ralph, who stood scratching his head,

And plaintively urging he e’en wanted bread!—

“You want!” replied Reuben, “tho’ flat I deny you,

“To question my friendship I yet dare defy you.

“O think, when for favours you’re ardently suing,

“How often *indulgencies* hasten our ruin!

“Indulgencies!—why, they’re the source of all evil!

“Replete with the world, with the flesh, and the devil!

“Indulgencies!—who would *indulge* such a thought?

“I beg, ere *indulg’d*, you’d reflect as you ought.

“’Tis friendship—the best *my compassion implants*,

“To keep you, as *now*, in due sense of your wants.

“Left to my *soft feelings* the scene should be *trying*,

“For you to be asking and I still denying.”

FRIENDSHIP at a PINCH. *An Epigram.*

TWO social Originals met on the way,

Says Toby to Tom, “Why so gloomy to-day?”

“Great cause for deep gloom,” answer’d Tom,

“why, Odds life,

“Ha’n’t you heard the sad tale?—Death has just

snatch’d my wife!”—

L

Then

Then fetch'd, or at least seem'd to fetch, a deep sigh,
 When Toby to Tom made this friendly reply ;
 " Thy wife's gone to rest !—let it never be said,
 " I mourn o'er the living, or thou o'er the dead !
 " One word, and I'll ease thy perplexity strange ;
 " My spouse I'll resign, give but thine in exchange !"
 " Gad so," replied Tom, " I'd agree in a trice ;—
 " But a blessing *like mine* seldom favours one twice."

THE PHILOSOPHIC TOPER :

Who judiciously took down his Pewter to KEEP IT UP !

AN EPIGRAM.

SO voracious is Dick, he exceeds vulgar wishes,
 First he gorges his meat, then he swallows his
 dishes :—

Hence one consolation he yet has complete,
 If no meat for his dish, he's no dish for his meat.

*On the Marriage of a flimsy French Dancing-
 master to the majestic Mrs. PR—TOR.*

BEGAR Monsieur Tolver one very brave man Sir,
 No longer we deem him a Gallic poltroon !
 Let his frog-eating countrymen do all they can Sir,
 But Tolver has danc'd to one very fine tune.

" An vat is dat tune ?"—Why, I'll tell in a mi-
 nute t'ye,

(Pray let the story no farther go round)

He's danc'd to the tune of Dame P——r's virginity,
 Crown'd with sum sterling of two hundred pound !

But

But how such a beautiful fortification
 So quick should surrender indeed may be strange,
 A curse on the terms of that capitulation
 Which gave such a fort for a Frenchman to range.

Yet one secret article governs the garrison,
 Mistress she'll be of her grand *covert way* !
 Tho' enter'd by France, yet, by way of comparison,
 Britons may keep an occasional key.

*On the Joyous Acclamations occasioned by the Birth of a
 SON and HEIR to Sir JACOB WOLF, Bart.*

At DOWNES, nigh CREDITON.

HARK ! the rising sounds of joy
 Announce an infant blessing giv'n—
 Immortal Muses ! all employ
 Your golden harps in thanks to Heav'n !

The lovely stranger to proclaim,
 Ethereal anthems raise on high !
 On the swift wings of glorious Fame
 Bid the happy tidings fly !

Spirits choice of social glee,
 Let your songs in rapture run :
 On this auspicious day, O see,
 All bounteous Heav'n bestows a Son !

Festive mirth, midst choral sounds,
 Shall banish all intruding care ;
 To joy the Gods prescribe no bounds,
 When worth itself enjoys an heir !

From

From Virtue, Love, and Beauty sprung,
The babe a thousand joys imparts ;
Prophetic Hope inspires each tongue,
And future prospects glad our hearts.

Him, safely thro' the infant stage,
Ye gracious Spirits ever guide !
O see him grace the rising age,
His country's love, his parents pride !

A prayer, thus ardent, to refuse,
Would in immortals sound severe :—
But lo ! obsequious to the Muse,
A voice seraphic strikes the ear !

“ Guarded by the Pow'rs Divine,
“ And fraught with ev'ry noble grace,
“ The infant son shall live and shine,
“ An honour to his honour'd race ! ”

*On Mr. J. BREALY's entering the GLOBE INN,
at Crediton,*

Lately kept by Mr. H. HOWARD.

SIRE Atlas, the globe's great supporter of old,
His burden long chearfully bore,
'Till age in advancing gave symptoms, we're told,
He ne'er had experienc'd before.

As prudence lets no opportunity slip,
To regulate matters at distance ;
So Atlas, lest time might occasion a trip,
Petition'd the Gods for assistance.

The

The Gods in full *synod*, from special affection,
His motion agreed to *nem. con.*

Then chose a committee of weighty inspection
The bus'ness to enter upon.

To records cœlestial they now had recourse,
Achievements heroic to trace ;
And saw that one HERCULES*, mighty of force,
Once fill'd father Atlas's place.

But he, 'twas objected amidst his compeers,
Grown easy, no aid might bestow ;
So *Mercury* summon'd took flight from the spheres,
To find an assistant below.

This vigilant deity rambled around,
A while matters seem'd to run sroward,
'Till searching great names, 'twas expedient he
To lay the grand load upon *Howard*. [found,

This youth, with a soul like a Cæsar's, survey'd
Its extent, and computed its weight ;—
Then firm on his shoulders the orb was soon laid,
Th' event he submitted to fate !

Bold Phaeton thus drove the steeds of the sun
For a day his requested career,—
Ours beat him three hundred and sixty to one,
For the globe he has balanc'd a year !

Resigning with honour so noble a toil
To choice of another most freely,
Their Godships proceed, and we see with a smile,
They've fix'd upon honest *Joe Bready*.

No

* Hercules is said to have sustained the World while Atlas gathered the Hesperian Apples belonging to Juno, to gratify *Eurystheus*,

No orb in the tractless extension of space
 Seems half so delightful as *Joe's*,
 Where founts richly flowing all sorrows will chase,
 And hush busy cares to repose.

Joy smiles on its surface, nor dreads the alarms
 Of tumults, of discord, and strife ;
 There meek-eyed tranquillity softens the storms
 That threaten the sunshine of life !

Haste then, ye choice group of affectionate friends,
 There's all you can wish for to please ye ;
 Well people the Globe, you'll accomplish his ends,
 And the world, never fear, will run easy.

*Stanzas on the DEATH of the Noted SLACK,
 Butcher and Stage-Boxer :*

Written in 1761, the Time of his Death.

TO thy departed Shade, the Muse, O SLACK !
 'Midst friends would blend a tributary sigh :
 Not that I'd *challenge* Fate, or call thee back——
 No—once at rest, I wish thee so to lie.

Oft has thy nervous arm, ere yet unbrac'd, [knocks ;
 With terrors fraught dealt round destructive
 The stage and slaughter-house alike it grac'd,
 And there a Bully dropt, and here an Ox !

No laurel-wreath thy claim, nor martial song,
 For battles fought by thee in Albion's cause ;
 Yet, as due trophies, let thy tomb be hung
 With dislocated thumbs and broken jaws !

Mourn

Mourn not, Broughtonians, his extinguish'd lamp;

He meets the common fate assign'd to all:—

And conqu'ring heroes of a nobler stamp,

When Death the buttock tips, alike must fall!

Dread then, ye Bruisers, this alarming foe!

By Slack's defeat some warning take at least:—

Mighty must be the arm, that at a blow

Could level *him* who levell'd *man* and *beast*!

The JOURNEYMEN'S STRATAGEM: *A Fable.*

(*Written to obtain a Regale at their Master's Christening Feast,
and sent in after Dinner.*)

A LION once, in gracious mood,
(And lions what can disobey?)

For chosen equals of the wood

Appoints a jocund festal day.

A sacred rite, of early date,

Th' occasion gave, as rumour sings;—

Occasions ever have their weight,

From lions up to human kings.

The goodly summons each in glee

Obey'd, the plenteous board to grace:

No humble brute such sight could see

But wish'd himself of honour'd race.

The choice profusion, richly good!

Now smoked along the gay extent;

Sagacious noses, thro' the Wood,

At distance snuff'd the charming scent!

They

They snuff'd, and wish'd, and snuff'd agen ;
And snuff they might, 'twas gen'ral thought :
Alas ! devices who can pen,

That strong necessity has taught !

A mimic tribe we needn't name
Had heard the tidings of the day,
And strove with unbecoming aim
Rapacious impulse to obey.

But how to lay a scheme with grace
Was now th' important point to gain ;
'Till one arose, with sapient face,
And strove the matter to explain.

With pungent snuff, inspiring aid !
His serious snout he amply stor'd ;
Then wise harangue around he made,
Each phrase came piercing as a sword !

" O hear, ye next to human friends,

" Of naked ears and potent tails ;

" Presumption gains important ends

" When modesty so often fails.

" Here in the lonely desert still,

" A state forlorn we may deplore ;

" Supinely low lie those that will ;

" To great attempt we'll proudly soar !

" Some service, his Imperial Grace

" Must own his faithful Apes have done ;

" Petition then !—ne'er flinch an ace,

" The Royal Bounty may be won.

" 'Tis

" 'Tis true, in this degen'rate age

" *Petitioning* is held a crime—

" Our scribbling Mate *, I dare engage,

" If ask'd, will draw it up in rhyme.

" This novel maxim let us try,

" It may succeed beyond belief;

" And I, myself! yes, even I!

" Will bear the message to the Chief!"

So said, so done!—the mimic Bard,

High charg'd his unprolific brains,

To hammer out, with labour hard,

A few unpardonable strains.

A small regale, the mighty sum,

Within their humble bounds to share;—

For luck, each ape thrice rais'd his bum,

Thrice wav'd his tail aloft in air!

With awful front, 'midst gay compeers,

The Chief the bold petition reads;

His flashing eyes alarm their fears,

As thus in answer he proceeds:—

" Ignoble Sots! Is this a day

" To incommode my peers and me?—

" To darksome caverns hence, away,

" Nor hope returning light to see!

" And know your future fate's decreed!

" Old Maids shall drag you by the nose;

" Thro' hell's dark realms your race shall lead;

" Nor they, nor you, shall know repose!

M

" Yet

* The Author.

" Yet hold !—some lenity we'd show——

" (Apes know but little of decorum)—

" We grant a Royal Bone, or so—

" And see the rascals have a jorum !"

The E M P T Y J U G.

Written at the request of a facetious Gentleman, who, together with the author, chanced to reflect on the melancholly remains of a social Jorum.

*With purses drain'd, let bolder Muses ring,
Be mine the task an Empty Jug to sing.*

A GAIN reduc'd, exhausted, and forlorn !
 Ten thousand cart-wheels crush thee ! or the
 Of vast Colossus, whose tremendous fall [weight
 Shook ancient Rhodes and all th' adjacent isles !—
 Yes, faithless Phantom ! I, alarm'd, behold
 Thy dreary cavity ; more frightful now
 Than ghastly goblins, rang'd in midnight dance
 New graves around !—Thy aspect now conveys
 More horror than the cave by Churchill sung,
 Where Scottish famine reign'd ;—there ling'ring life
 With feeble effort struggles ; but in thee
 What else but darkness dire, and certain death !
 Fatal vicissitude !—I've seen thee full ;—
 Yes, richly full :—not of those madd'ning draughts
 By fabled Circe's fell enchantment wrought,
 Of noxious compound ; nor of that frail juice
 The only boast of Gallia's meagre tribe,
 Albion's perfidious foes :—but richly full
 Of animating, strength-exciting BEER !
 On which our stout forefathers soak'd, when France
 Behold

Beheld her vanquish'd lillies grace the arms
 Of conqu'ring BRITAIN! now (revers'd thy lot)
 Thou'rt gamester's fate!—one universal blank!—
 Instructive still!—for now the Curious World
 In thee may view the barren, brainless skull
 Of powder'd Macaroni;—here may trace
 The empty lot of poetry and me!—
 Yet say, thou jolly God that aptly fit'st
 Thy ton bestriding;—is there no resource
 This oft-replenish'd vacancy to fill?
 Why, like the never-failing cruise of old,
 Do not thy falsely-swelling fides contain
 Prolific juice, encreasing as it runs?
 Ah! vain the wish, as now thy state;—
 Thus vain, are all the greedy wishes of this world!
 Why then should Mem'ry's recollective pow'r
 Awake thy froth-crown'd beauty when replete
 With mantling, foaming Nappy? when thy balm
 Could soften *might Herculean* into sleep;
 Or, like Prometheus, vivify a clod!—
 Uprouz'd by thy all-fascinating pow'r
 I then, in seeming fortitude of soul
 Have ap'd the Hero, and out-brav'd the storm
 High rais'd by Dun, or too-loquacious spouse!—
 Surpassing fam'd Apollo, then thou gav'st
 To dunces wit, and eloquence to fools!
 Thy magic force each rosy son of joy
 Triumphant own'd; and stagger'd to the shrine
 Of bloated Bacchus:—Reason's ensign dropp'd,
 And metamorphos'd nature felt thy sway
 In vast variety.—At thy approach

Old Care took flight, and smooth'd his furrow'd brow,
 Bright'ning into smiles. Completely oil'd
 By thy salubrious oleum, each part
 Of life's machine mov'd glibly on !—by thee
 The Cripple caper'd ; and the laughing Beggar
 Felt the fond impulse to ascend the throne !
 In unchang'd garb the tatter'd Poet quaff'd,
 And in imagination rais'd by thee
 Outshone gay Phœbus !—Flush'd with pride and thee
 The half-form'd Fribble swell'd into a man ;
 Then like a mighty mushroom rear'd his head,
 And hiccup'd, “ *Demme ! fill the t'other jug !*”
 The Coward's courage thou, when high advanc'd
 The braggart fighting distant battles o'er
 Disarm'd the kneeling foe : himself sole sum
 Of each protracted tale.—'Twas thine to give
 The strutting taylor dignity of phiz
 And art refin'd to mimic kindred apes !
 Friendship's *professed* cement thou ; alike
 Its final end and dissolution :—thou,
 Like Proteus, ev'ry shape and season claim'st :
 In Summer's heat, when Sirius roll'd in fire,
 Thy mollient stream could cool the scorching gulph
 Of Bacchanalian throat : alike benign
 When Boreas keen confirm'd old Winter's sway ;
 Then, like the Sun, Sir Barleycorn's best friend,
 Thou vital heat could'st give and genial joy.
 Nay Spring and Autumn, Morning, Noon, and Night,
 The ruddy Toper adoration paid
 To thee, his raiment, physick, and his food !
 These, and a thousand virtues yet unsung

Thy

Thy matchless pow'r proclaim'd, when amply stor'd
 With social juices, potent as divine !
 Yet, empty, what are thy concomitants
 But heart-felt grief, anxiety, and woe !—
 Go then ! nor rest till thou a friend hast found
 To fill thy vast vacuity and mine !
 But if thou should'st ! which Fate avert ! return
 Unfill'd with *soul-exhilarating* streams,—
 Then, dash'd to atoms, thou shalt join that clay,
 The rise of Kings, of Potters, and of Thee !

SONG: *set by the late Mr. JAMES LEGINGHAM.*

RECITATIVE.

THE Gods in grand assembly met ;
 Olympus was their brilliant seat ;
 Of Mortals was their heav'nly chat ;
 And Jove high honour'd the debate.

A I R.

The potent Lord of all the earth
 To Bacchus drank from bowl divine ;
 Thy sons, said he, give pleasure birth,
 And all thy votaries are mine.

CHORUS. THREE VOICES.

Sound then the glad Chorus to Jove,
 Cried Bacchus the Lord of the vine,
 A toast to the Goddess of Love,
 And each hearty Toper of Wine.

On being supported in Sickness: To Mr. —.

BACK, Memory! to scenes long past return!
That bid my heart with grateful ardour burn!
In ceaseless praise bid —'s kindness shine!
Kindness unmerited must be divine!

When dire disease assaulted all my frame,
When weakness baffled ev'ry ardent aim;
When health and strength, my only hopes, were lost,
And all my fondest expectations cross't;
At Sorrow's shrine when feebly forc'd to bend,
Forlorn and friendless, — was my friend! —
The lenient balm he pour'd o'er all my grief
To all my sorrows gave a kind relief;
His lib'ral hand, his ever-cheerful heart,
Would kindness unsolicited impart: —
In vain my poor, my ineffectual strife,
'Twas he that cherish'd and supported life!
O may the guardian Gods, whose chiefest care
Is still to bless the worthy and sincere,
Preserve my friend from all affliction free,
'Till bliss eternal his reward shall be.

JOCULARITY in DISTRESS:

A WHIMSICAL INVOCATION.

YE Sacred Muses, all a Poet's care,
To whom he dedicates his *fasting* pray'r;
For whom substantial pudding is forgot,
For food aerial, now my blessed lot;

O! to

O! to a *keen request* pay some regard,
 Nor turn as from a voice you never heard;
 Tell me, if *solids* ere regal'd the skies,
 O tell me where the Muses' pantry lies!—

Ye sages deep, of scientific race,
 In *waking* dreams who measure trackless space,
 Who tell us to a Barleycorn's dimension
 The size of ev'ry orb thro' Heav'n's expansion;
 Of comets who survey th' eccentric course,
 And track their Stages as clowns track a horse;
 Who talk of rams, of goats, of bulls, of bears,
 Of kind *conjunctions* and *opposing* spheres;
 O tell me where no *opposite* can break
 My fond *conjunction* with a good BEEF-STEAK!

And you of mystic mold, who *secret* soar;
 Who latent scenes of *Politics* explore;
 Tell us, since honest truth o'ertops disguise,
 Where *Gallic faith* and *British wisdom* lies!
 Why vow to *rule* with uncontested sway,
 Yet let your COLONIES be thrown away!
 Why knaves rapacious, pinnacled with pow'r,
 Should with impunity our wealth devour?
 And, on the verge of infamous disgrace,
 Permit the foe to stare us in the face?

Next tell me, what no mortal can devise,
 A wondrous secret, hid from vulgar eyes,
 Which no philosophy can ere display—
 O tell me where your poet dines to-day!

MUSES

MUSES' ANSWER.

SO long indulg'd to feed on open air
 How dangerous to change accustom'd fare !
 You know *Duke Humphry's* table—kindly riot there. }

ASTROLOGICAL ANSWER.

THE groffer *aliments* we find
 Clog both the body and the mind :—
 Could *we* such mystic scenes explore,
 And travel *Æther* o'er and o'er,
 Tell ye how orbs with orbs oppose,
 Or pull old *Saturn* by the nose,
 When such vast distance lies between us,
 Had we a *butcher's stall* within us ?
 No, no, my Friend ! you're now preparing
 To take with *us* a proper airing :
 Besides, a fortnight's hearty fasting
 Makes ye a Poet everlasting !
 'Tis hunger gives your fancy flight,
 And makes ye mount like paper kite !
 You'll skip it o'er the Zodiac then,
 Like *Jack o' Lambhorn* o'er a fen.—
 Howe'er—our *astrologic sign*
 Declares, *to-day*, you're not to dine.

POLITICIAN'S ANSWER.

HOW hard is your fate,
 To cavil at State,
 Because with no *pudding* delighted ;—
 Recant with a grace,
 We'll appoint you a place,
 That shall keep you as silent as *Whitehead*.

But

But, ere we proceed,
 'Tis in Council decreed,
 (And our orders you're sure to obey)
 That to seal your contrition
 With duteous submission
 You're blest'd with no dinner to-day!

STANZAS *addressed to the* AUTHOR:

By Mr. J. Jones, Schoolmaster, at Kidderminster, Worcester-shire, 1775.—To C. JONES.

AH! tho' Apollo chides my lyre,
 Nor smiles one sweet Aonian Maid;
 Tho' far from Phœbus' sacred fire,
 Nor near Castalia's fount I've stray'd:

Whilst soft affection warms my breast,
 On Nature's influence I'll recline;
 Long be her genial power confest,
 Propitious to thy Muse and mine!

By sympathetic sorrow mov'd,
 Thy ev'ry pond'rous grief I share;
 For long thy adverse lot I prov'd
 Till JOHNSTONE * made the Muse his care.

Like me, thou doubtless oft hast try'd
 The paths of science to explore;
 Alike by rigid fate denied
 To taste of Greece or Latium's lore!

N

On

* An eminent Physician at Kidderminster; by whom Mr. Jones has been kindly and warmly patronized.

On thee, perhaps, in infant years,
 As me, fair Fortune treach'rous smil'd;
 Then mock'd alike our orphan tears,
 Nor one depressive thought beguil'd.

O may Benevolence inspire
 Some breast humane to soothe thy grief;
 To patronise thy tuneful lyre,
 And give thy num'rous toils relief!

Ye rich, in your superfluous store,
 O let one humble object share;
 May merit ne'er in vain implore,
 Nor sink beneath domestic care.

*To a Young Gentleman, on his late Return
 from New-York.*

FROM scenes of blood and devastation, where
 The British politics entail disgrace;
 From Neptune's rage, to bless a parent's care,
 Welcome, O *Welsford*! to his fond embrace.

In sweet oblivion buried are those sighs,
 Those ardent fears which for thy safety rose;
 Each tender relative with fond surprize
 Bids thee a while to pleasure and repose.

Yet say, Advent'rous Youth, amidst the storms,
 The martial tempests, that around thee blew,
 Felt not thy soul for Britain more alarms
 Of duteous zeal than Sackville * ever knew?—

He,

* Then American Secretary.

He, prone to virtue as to valour prone,
 (The fire of Minden raging in his veins)
At home o'erwhelms, with vigour *all his own*,
 An host of foes, and triumphs o'er their plains.

This proud chimera brave Cornwallis mourns,
 As erst Burgoyne, that sacrifice to pride;—
 With rage indignant sad Britannia burns,
 For steadfast thousands captiv'd by her side !

You who in arms have shone, her cause to aid,
 Shall Justice see triumphant o'er the foe ;
 Shall see the British banner yet display'd,
 And Faction, vanquish'd, shrink to shades below.

On a slender-built Schoolmaster, at Chedder in Somerset,
 who, in a Letter to the Author, humourously and me-
 taphorically called himself "A Lath."*

(Addressed to the Affluent Chedderians.)

HAIL! Fortunate Chedder! whose wide-yawn-
 ing cleft
 Seems now in amendment's streight path ;
 Since Fate your fond hope is conspiring to lift,
 By sending you kindly a Lath.

True

* Chedder, noted for its excellent Cheese, is also famous for an amazing cleft or chasm in its adjoining stupendous rock, which at several views has a very awful and romantic appearance ; it seems to have been torn asunder by a dreadful convulsion in nature. When attentively survey'd, it fills the contemplative mind with pleasing astonishment. It is the chief natural curiosity of the county ; and is finely described in the poetical works of the late ingenious Dr. Bowden, of Frome.

True laths, in alliance compact, seldom fail
 Sad breaches to stop and defend;
 Ours fix'd by indulgencies, hammer and nail,
 May answer a similar end.

But here you suppose, from his singular aid
 No mighty exploit can be done;
 By logical rules no completion is made
 In matters not previous begun.

Progression, with strict Perseverance annex'd,
 Due order her influence yielding,
 Has infinite weight (not forgetting our text)
 From a Lath to a regular building.

Now Lath stands the theme of our candid address,
 From metaphor striking and new;
 The Muse, ye Chedderians, can offer no less,
 Than strictly the theme to pursue.

When Britain's torn state calls a Minister forth,
 With strength like Goliath's of Gath,
Well plaster'd, to weather all winds, like a NORTH,
 Why, he stands a political Lath.

Life's fortress to aid when by Satan attack'd,
 And strong in fair Virtue's defence
 When Clericus stands—why the Pastor, in fact,
 Is a Lath in a *spiritual* sense.

The full-wig'd Physician, in double pursuit
 Of human decay and his fee,
Well-nail'd in the hand stops your breach, ne'er dispute,
 —A Lath, *constitutional*, he.

To

To Learning when Ignorance threatens a fall,
O'erwhelming all method and rule,
This Master, who timely can strengthen your wall,
Commences grand Lath of your school.

And tho' you in morals as deep may be rent
As your rocks—No advice can be shorter—
Conjunction, in time, may the danger prevent,
To Lath let your kindness be *mortar*.

But still you suppose, in a critical trap
You've caught a poetical fox,
Who dreamt not his Lath, when compar'd to a gap,
Must appear like a fly to an ox.

Have patience, be under no *keen* apprehension,
Reflection may alter the case ;
Dry substance, *well soak'd*, may increase in dimension,
And fill a most wonderful space.

This maxim but try, and my council you'll thank,
—You've cyder, fine corn, and rich cheese ;
Well feed him—he'll swell from a Lath to a plank,
From a plank to——whatever you please.

ADVICE TO BRITONS.

YE Britons who jar
'Midst the horrors of war,
This lesson I wish you'd believe,—
Self-int'rest and pride,
When they mean to divide,
Have their ends, and will laugh in their sleeve.

'Tis

'Tis noble to stand
 For yourselves, heart and hand,
 And make faithless *Bourbon* to kneel;
 But should you give way
 To each *whim* of the day,
 Ten to one if it sharpens your steel.

The Gods, you must know,
 Wou'd a gift t'ye bestow,
 (And sanction'd by Heav'n it stands;)
 'Tis a precept divine!
 Once in UNION to join,
 And obey their Imperial commands.

Home feuds you must leave,
 As they tend to deceive,
 And abide by their Godships' decree,
 That Britons, still brave,
 Shall be Lords of the wave,
 And, UNITED, be happy and free!

In *futile* advance
 The proud Dons, dup'd by France,
 To Neptune their flags have unfurl'd;
 But RODNEY and ROSS
 Their grand purposes cross,
 And will hold them a jest to the world!

Your foes shall thus fall,
 At sweet UNITY's call,
 As the hydra of discord you crush;
 Be true to yourselves,
 And the pityful elves
 Of *Bourbon* you'll mind not a rush.

Be loyal and true,
 Your own glory pursue,
 Be Britons in ev'ry degree;
Home feuds you must leave,
 As they tend to deceive,
 And you then may be happy and free!

THE SCALE TURN'D:

Or, *Things not as they were.*

SO! the wind at St. Stephen's no longer stands
 North!
 What wonderful mysteries Time can bring forth!
 No need now for *Sweepers* to squander our pelf;
 The Stable *Augean* is *cleansing* itself!
 Of Grace an undoubted and prevalent sign,
 When Int'rest against its own vot'ries combine!
 Sure Virtue her part is most solemnly acting,
 When honest CONTRACTORS must censure *contracting*!
 When grasping *Purloiners* of national gold
 The precepts of public *æconomy* hold!
 Who now can the T——y-coffers be robbing,
 When Jobbers must fall the sad victims to jobbing?
 Yet, whence of refulgence this quick-spreading
 gleam?—
 Why—the Session approaches its *latter* extreme!
 So a taper, worn short, just extinguish'd its fires,
 New brightens a moment, and sudden expires:—
 This farce *parliamentary* yet is most clear;
 They'll now say, as you say, or—go no more there!

A N O D E,

Written on the Arrival of the illustrious DUKE of RICHMOND, at Exeter, to take the Command of the Sussex Regiment of Militia, stationed there, of which His Grace is Head-Colonel.

L E T fierce Bellona shout for war,
 And all its desolation hurl ;
 Let Mars, from his imperial car,
 Bid useful Commerce half her sails unfurl ;
 The nations, wond'ring, yet shall see
 Heav'n plants its WORTHIES, who are free,
 In ev'ry clime where Honour reigns :
 Worthies, ennobled by the blood
 Of mighty fires, whose zeal withstood
 Oppression's pow'r and all its chains !
 Worthies Britons yet may boast
 To Britain, tho' we mourn a CHATHAM lost !

And hark ! around
 The gen'ral sound
 Of joy salutes th' enraptur'd ear !
 Lo ! Devonian plains to grace,
 (High honour of his noble race)
 See patriot RICHMOND's form appear !
 RICHMOND, whose virtues British souls revive,
 Whose ardour keeps declining hope alive !
 Who, clad in arms, bids Bourbon know
 He yet disdains th' insulting foe !

Q! for

O for that energy divine !
 That glow of true poetic fire,
 That erst inspir'd a *Tasfer's** martial pen !—
 My Muse should form the high design
 (In strains that Angels might admire)
 To hail great LENOX, first of men !
 First of those immortal few,
 Who Britain's weal alone pursue !
 First of those, whose glorious souls detest
 Ill-fated Britain from herself to wrest !—
 The faithful corps† he fondly leads ;
 The Muse's plaudit, too, should share,
 That martial zeal for glory pleads,
 Which makes a bleeding realm its care !
 Nor Flatt'ry's art I claim ; ^{which} it seldom sees ;
 It only charms to sicken, as it *stabs* to please !

Long on his ancient senatorial seat,
 (Celestial guardian of the land)
 Bid the illustrious Peer repeat
 The well-digested laws his wisdom plann'd !
 Our mutilated realm to save ;
 O teach the venal sons of pow'r
 (Frail junto of a given hour)
 A retrospective glance to take,
 And view the horror Pride may make ;
 No longer Lords of continent or wave !

O

RICH-

* Author of the celebrated Ode to the Warlike Genius of
 Great-Britain.

† Regiment of Sussex Militia.

RICHMOND! these are ills we mourn!
 Ills thy noble soul disdains:
 The brave, like thee, for glory burn,
 And shine heroic o'er the British plains!—
 From partial views a *purchas'd* crowd
 May spurn thy councils—check thy aim;
 Fair Independence, in applauses loud,
 Thro' Britain's grateful isle, shall RICHMOND'S
 worth proclaim.

Written about the Close of a severe Ague.

COUNT all the torments Egypt bore,
 (Enough, you may suppose, to plague you)
 Then multiply them ten times o'er,
 You'll find them *blessings* to the AGUE!
 With num'rous ills poor Job was pester'd,
 Boils on boils from head to sole;
 His cattle lost, his all sequester'd,
 A blessed Wife to crown the whole!
 'Twas by tradition never told
 Whether our Ague might escape him—
 It must—or else, I dare be bold,
 No pot-herd had been left to scrape him.
 With blessings Solomon was loaded;—
 Wives by hundreds;—sweet-hearts too—
 No monarch's bed was e'er so crowded,
 What, tho' a King, could one man do?

Love

Love still triumphant o'er their *shyness*
 Made such num'rous beauties burn ;
 But had the AGUE seiz'd his Highness
 Half a score had serv'd his turn.

Myfterious mischief, why must I
 A victim fall to pain and thee ?
 Condemn'd to *freeze*, and then to *fry*—
 “ To be ”—yet worse than “ not to be ! ”

Must I the social glass forego,
 The glass that makes all spirits gay ?
 O yes ! Hygeia bids it so :
 And cold Cadoggan * rules to-day !

Acquarian Doctor ! I thy fluid
 Much against my will must swallow ;
 But, by the songs of ev'ry Druid,
 Long thy rules I ne'er can follow !

Your *watry* system may hold good
 To quench a flame, or drive a mill ;
 But good *October's* understood
 The drooping heart's best comfort still !

Ague ! eternal foe to vigour,
 Fly and seize the *sordid* heart !
 Creeping meanness claims thy rigour,
 Make it tremble thro' each part !

O closely squeeze the proud oppressor
 'Till he owns and quits his crime ;
 Shake fair friendship's smooth professor
 'Till his words and actions chime !

Ah

* A famous physician, and strenuous assertor of the virtues of water
 in almost all disorders.

Ah now ! obsequious to my pray'r,
 Thou quit'st my shiv'ring, scorching frame;
 New strength eradicates despair,
 New health asserts her wonted claim !

Yet sure revenge shall thee await,
 Thy Conq'ror's name the world well knows;
 He'll chase thee from each fond retreat,
 As suns disperse the mountain snows.

This friend to mortals, foe to thee,
 Shall drag thee forth from ev'ry dwelling;
 Devonia's sons shall happy be
 To hail th' establish'd name of S——g.

On P L O T T I N G :

Written on the Anniversary of the Gun-powder Plot, Nov. 5, 1780.

THE Papists of yore would, without *proclamation*,
 Dissolve by a plot the high court of the nation;
 The King, Lords, and Commons, were, all at a *blow*,
 To be sent *smoking hot* to the regions below;
 Whate'er Lords or Commons that period had got,
 'Tis evident *ours* had no hand in the plot.

Each age and each clime have their plotters, no doubt;
 For plotting must bring all their systems about :—
 Some plotting for Pension, for Garter and Star,
 Oft wage with their senses ridiculous war;
 In sad disappointment's fell trap they are caught,
 And claim but a pitiful hand in the plot.

Auspicious November ! how happily we
 Found two-fold redemption from fetters in thee !
 Intrepid

Intrepid Naffau *, who to Rome bade defiance,
 Dissolv'd by his sword the infernal alliance;
 Triumphant, a crown the Deliverer got—
 Ah ! Jemmy, what hand hadst thou then in the plot ?

Poor Charley, that dupe of the *warming-pan* race,
 In league with old Lewis would plot for disgrace;
 His brains were high charg'd with an ideal crown,
 And nought but the sway of three realms would go
 But ah ! it fell out to be Cumberland's lot, [down :
 To teach him this truth—he'd no hand in the plot.

Some politic moderns aspire to renown,
 For freedom who plot till they've none of their own :
 At Liberty's call, in an ill-fated hour, [the Tow'r:
 Friend Laurens ‡ finds scarce thrice his length in
 His name from their list his associates may blot,
 Not a finger, by Jove, he has now in the plot.

Our Rulers in Chief, to their sense be it spoken,
 Of plotting have shewn us a wonderful token !
 Indulging the dream of a despotic sway, [away !
 They've thrown an eighth part of Earth's surface
 Now Britons thro' Europe are laugh'd at—for what ?
 Why—born *after date*, they've small hand in the plot.

Of plotting, the itch goes extensively round;
 Jack Hazard is plotting for ten thousand pound;
 From life's lowest means full a crown he advances,
 And dreams, in a garret, a villa his chance is :
 A chariot ideal bewitches the sot,
 'Till a *blank* proves the dupe had *no hand in the plot*.

The

* King William, who landed at Torbay, Nov. 5, 1688.

‡ President of the Congress; taken prisoner on his embassy to Holland.

The Poet in plotting bewilders his brains
 For metre unhallow'd—bear witness my strains—
 Strait button'd, if coat the kind Gods should allow,
 He soars to Parnassus, to perch on its brow :
 'Till chas'd by Apollo again to his cot,
 He dinnerless mourns he'd no hand in the plot.

Auspicious November * ! in thee 'twas my fate,
 For better for worse to be link'd to my Mate ;
 Midst conjugal comforts, some mixture of strife
 Embitters the cup we're attach'd to for life :
 But in all our disputes, whether temp'rate or hot,
 In this we agree—we'd no hand in the plot.

* The Author was married Nov. 5, 1772.

THE CHUDLEIGH GEESE: a SONG.

Occasioned by some jocular liberties of rather a mortifying nature, among some friends, about Christmas 1780.

YE Circle of Sportsmen, who eagerly run
 O'er hedges and ditches, with dog and with gun,
 To Chudleigh haste all, where a story runs high,
 Of two featherless Geese that were late taught to fly.
Derry down, &c.

Had fam'd Dr. Faustus this period surviv'd,
 He'd now be out-conjur'd, howe'er he contriv'd :
 In spite of his spells he might now beg his bread,
 Since Geese can take flight without feathers or head !
Derry down, &c.

Friend

Friend Clennox—but why should we mention his
Sure Poet and Muse must be highly to blame; [name?
For pardon, O where must they fly! or excuse;
Ah! who ever thought Farmer Clennox a Goose?

Derry down, &c.

Yet a Goose he provided, of wonderful sort, [for't:
He may thank honest neighbours and good keeping
But the Goose scorn'd in death to be hung up con-
So *lifeless* fled off, and left Clennox behind. [fin'd,

Derry down, &c.

To Slaughter's * it speeded, because it was known,
His care would be greater than if 'twere his own:
For a corpse of such spirit as Clennox's Goose,
To none but *choice spirits* should ere be let loose.

Derry down, &c.

Now Clennox, supposing no dead Goose could fly,
At Slaughter's was casting around a sheep's eye;
He spied on the table a Goose smoking hot,
And each was prepar'd for a favourite cut.

Derry down, &c.

With much invitation Friend Clennox sat down,
Says, "Thank ye, Good Folks, but I've one of
" my own,

"So fat and so fine, that a Monk would adore him."
But, Zounds, he ne'er dreamt his own Goose was
before him.

Derry down, &c.

His meal of mistakes Farmer Clennox had made,
All laugh'd in their sleeves as the bones they survey'd:
They secretly laugh'd that 'twas Clennox's treat,
And *he* laugh'd to think he'd another to eat.

-Derry down, &c.

* A Publican.

The Landlord, whose spirit most highly extends,
 Resolves with another to welcome his friends :—
 When he means ye a cow he ne'er offers a calf,
 So a choice one he purchas'd, of nine pounds and half.

Derry down, &c.

But miracles once they begin seldom cease,
 And faith so at Chudleigh it prov'd with the Geese ;
 This no sooner stripp'd of the plumes it had on
 (Tho' bilk'd of its nob) but 'twas whip and be gone.

Derry down, &c.

Of Geese so provoking, now what shall we say ?
 Since death can't prevent 'em from skulking away :
 Why, this safe expedient we've hit on at last,
 The next time they catch they must learn to *hold fast*.

Derry down, &c.

The ROYAL OAK: a SONG.

YE Spirits congenial, to mirth who are heirs,
 Who laugh at the world and its troublesome
 cares ;

Whose strife is, who most can be jocund and free,
 Here's true British stingo to heighten your glee ;
 Here raise the glad chorus, and crack the smart joke,
 For innocent freedom abounds at the Oak !

Nor deem our firm tree your warm notice beneath,
 No tree its superior you'll find while you breathe ;
 Let Fame from her temple her register bring,
 It shelter'd, you'll see, and protected a king !
 And France oft, surrounded with thunder and smoke,
 Has kneel'd pale and trembling to stout British oak !

Divines,

Divines, who in friendship convivial delight,
 In fables tho' clad, yet in wit may be bright;
 'Tis righteous, at times, o'er a heart-cheering bowl,
 To join in a social expansion of soul;
 To quit for a season the clerical yoke,
 And add to the dignity due to the Oak!

Ye Doctors mysterious, old Galen your guide,
 Who o'er the chief blessing of mortals preside,
 Quit your Latin prescriptions, in English combine,
 To bless your poor patients with cordial divine!
 Bid them taste our specific, 'twill vigour provoke,
 For health flows from tankards oft fill'd at the Oak!

Ye Lawyers sagacious, who ardently labour
 Disputes to adjust between neighbour and neighbour,
 Our Court bids the fairest to baffle your aim,
 For if here we fall out, why we fall in the same;
 You may throw by your *Lyttleton*, *Blackstone*, and *Coke*,
 We're all hearty friends o'er a glass at the Oak.

Ye Poets who'd sip at the Helicon stream,
 Who soar to Parnassus in magical dream;
 Who talk much of Nectar as quaff'd by the Gods,
 As if from your garrets you trac'd their abodes;
 The aid of coy Muses, O never invoke—
 But drink inspiration from butts at the Oak!

Ye Tradesmen, who eagerly grasp at the world,
 For whom busy Commerce her sails has unfurl'd;
 Ye who tug with success, ye who struggle in vain;
 Here relax for a while—give a respite to pain:
 All, all your pursuits you must quit at a stroke,
 The pleasures of life must arise at the Oak!

Ye Toppers of taste, of political sense,
 Who settle the state ere you settle your pence,
 Here's topics sublime to enliven your wit,
 You here may shine forth like a Shelburne or Pitt:
 Quit care and its frowns, and most cordially soak,
 Debts, duns, and despair, take their flight at the Oak.

Ye Dotards enfeebled, whose turbulent dames,
 When craving will set your whole household in flames,
 For quick restoration to Downey's * be led,
 His potent Elixir gives life to the dead; [poke,
 High fraught with new courage, no longer you'll
 And your wives will all join in huzza's to the Oak.

Ye sons of ill-luck, who are driv'n by storms
 Of catch-pole Adversity, shun their alarms;
 Here's shelter sufficient beneath our strong tree,
 You here may be jovial as Britons should be:
 Like frogs in a fen let your creditors croak—
 Accounts are all balanc'd when warm at the Oak.

Ye Sots unpacific, who spurn at our laws, [straws,
 Who'd injure your friends and would quarrel for
 Whose jargon incessant your weakness proclaim,
 Whose hearts still betray a malevolent aim;
 For you we've small beer and a garret bespoke,
 'Tis friendship and unity strengthens the Oak.

Ye Candid believe, since the Muse must inform ye,
 Here's mirth in its zenith, with music to charm ye:
 Here harmony, care, and kind usage combine
 To claim your indulgence, which crowns the de-
 No specious appearance, injustice to cloak, [sign:
 In honour deep-rooted shall flourish the Oak.

* Landlord of the OAK.

EPITHALAMIUM ON Mr. D—y's Nuptials.

P O E T.

MUSE, the sweetest of the Nine,
O give thy ardent Poet fire !
Teach him, in harmony divine,
To join the sweet Cœlestial Choir !
Aid him peculiar strains to raise,
Where Love his banner high displays.

U T E R P E.

“ What prime occasion now invites ?
“ This invocation why preferr'd ?
“ Of Hymen's late-accomplish'd rites
“ Th' Olympic Deities have heard.
“ And those thy humble strains would greet,
“ Have long been Heav'n's peculiar care ;
“ Each form'd for harmony complete,
“ Must joy in all its fullness share !
“ Their mutual hearts let none divide—
“ Joyful Bridegroom—happy Bride !
“ To virtuous souls true bliss is giv'n,
“ Sanction'd by all the pow'rs of heav'n.”

C H O R U S of B O T H.

Angels of recording power
Mark th' auspicious nuptial day ;
Hygeia, thro' each fleeting hour,
The balmy sweets of health display ;
Smiling issue grace their board,
Lovely as the vernal rose,
Be choicest blessings on them show'r'd,
With all that fortune e'er bestows,
'Till silver'd o'er with honour'd age,
They, undivided, quit the stage,

To a TEACHER of PHILOSOPHY,

On his Complaint of being unsuccessful in Two opulent Cities.

AMIDST the motley scene of pompous pride,
 With which the Gay their saunt'ring hours
 How can true Wisdom's philosophic law [divide,
 Break thro' their pleasures, or attention draw ?
 In vain instructive precepts you dispense,
 Ambition ever stands a foe to sense :
 In vain the noblest precepts you impart
 To touch the finer feelings of the heart.
 Assemblies, balls, and all th' enchanting train
 Of vanity, their empire still maintain !
 O'er knowledge triumph with destructive sway,
 And to the paths of science bar the way.
 Thus the mad multitude instruction shun,
 And rapid down the steep of folly run ;
 Arm'd against reason, by themselves perplext,
 This world they grasp at, but forget the next :
 The laws of virtue they indignant spurn,
 And in their passion's heat ignobly burn !
 Deceiv'd they tread the paths that vice hath trod,
 And from example disregard their God !
 Supreme in error thus proud Bath shall rise
 A splendid nuisance to the good and wise :
 And B——, to its partial pleasures true,
 Receives its waters, and its follies too !
 In false magnificence thus cities shine,
 Thrifty in pride, in useful arts supine :
 Whilst humbler towns in modest meekness strive
 To keep expiring sciences alive ;

No

No self-sufficiency their minds infect,
 Fond to be taught, they grow in arts correct;
 Strangers to luxury and dissipation,
 They learn the mysteries of the creation;
 How worlds revolve, and how attraction binds;
 How thunders roll—how blow the varying winds:
 Th' electric force of elemental fire
 By thee display'd, they awfully admire!
 O then proceed such knowledge to impart,
 As rectifies the head, and mends the heart;
 Let Pride and Ignorance their empire keep,
 And on the sensual lap of Folly sleep:
 Be thine the task th' admiring world to show
 Wisdom pursued is happiness below!

OFFICE SUPPORTED: *Or, The PORTREEVE*
 and KEEPER. *A Tale.*

Not fictitious:—Written to discountenance the risible effects
 of Official Vanity.

WHEN once pre-eminence of station,
 Devolv'd by regular rotation,
 Begins to lose its legal force,
 And drop into contempt of course;
 Whether in city, town, or borough,
 It needs a reformation thorough.

So Charters, granted to maintain
 Importance in an annual reign,
 Their special honours to support,
 Demand *great souls* adapted for't:
 Else all their dignities appear
 As substance fled—the shadow here,—

Thus

Thus States, their wonted grandeur lost,
 And on Time's common eddy tost,
 Like ports on some forsaken coast
 Retain an empty name at most.
 But would reverse of rule prevail,
 As in the hero of my tale,
 (Whose conduct on th' official plan
 Bespoke him somewhat more than man),
 Then pow'r, distinction, and command,
 Would jointly follow hand in hand ;
 And all punctilio's of sway
 Each grasping vassal would obey.
 If things thus stated seem to suit ye,
 Attend my tale, as matter new t'ye.

'Twas on a time—not long ago—
 Perhaps five hundred years—or so—
 A wight advent'rous home had brought,
 From distant climes of dreadful note,
 Of savage brutes a fierce collection,
 For curious and minute inspection :
 With which, as 'tis in records said,
 He travell'd far to get his bread :
 Thus creatures form'd for desolation
 Contribute large to preservation ;
 And thus ills oft are understood
 Productive of apparent good.
 Intent or chance (which 'tis unknown)
 Had brought him to a market town,
 Whose verdant boarder richly smiles,
 From Exon not a thousand miles ;
 Where, as in ancient deeds appear,
 A Portreeve rul'd instead of May'r :—

As

As int'rest fascinates the whole
Of human race, from Pole to Pole,
So now it prompts the fellow's stay
For contributions on his way ;
And now around th' attractive stage
A medley throng of youth and age,
As pockets stand, or fancy suits,
Appear to view the wond'rous brutes.
Some came, 'tis thought, with hearts at least
As hard as that of either beast ;
Whilst others just the roaring heard,
Gave up their coin, and disappear'd.

Not so our Chief, with sapient face,
Who now appear'd to claim a place ;—
That *awe* with which our modern May'rs
Announce the time of bullock fairs,
In solemn order grac'd each feature,
As he beheld each different creature ;
But modesty forbade him there
His high importance to declare,
'Till matters luckless interpos'd
And all at once the fact disclos'd.

Quite pleas'd with what he heard and saw,
His Chief-ship turn'd, as to withdraw :—
The Keeper, void of grace as sense,
Held up his hand to catch the pence !

As from hot-beds the sudden fallad
Forth issues to luxurious palate,
So here the seeds of wrath took root,
And sprung vehement in each shoot ;
The dignity of *pow'r* and *place*
Contending with the foul disgrace

In mighty souls must have relief,
And thus it follow'd from the Chief:—

“ Wretch ! who could thus audacious be,
“ Stranger to eminence and me !—
“ Know this :—To strike thee ever mute,
“ 'Tis mine t'examine ev'ry brute !
“ To view what animal I please,
“ From Tigers down to Mites in cheese !—
“ Lord-May'rs may boast their gaudy trains,
“ Their scarlet robes and golden chains ;
“ At city-festivals may gorge
“ And discontented clamours forge
“ Against the State and Royal G—E, }
“ Yet Patriots forsooth appear—
“ But they're at London—I am here !
“ And now I condescend to own
“ I'm PORTREEVE ! Sirrah ! of the town !—
“ This honour'd Borough ever pays
“ Their most respectful thanks to TR—SE !
“ How dare you then your heart thus harden }
“ To ask of me or mine a farthing,
“ This moment ! Fellow ! ask my pardon ! }
“ Or, by the Law I'll bind you o'er,
“ Villain was ne'er so bound before !”—
“ God blefs your Worship, great and wise !”
(The trembling culprit, bending, cries ;)
“ Forgive your suppliant !—or spare
“ Me, just to mention who you are !”—
Then, turning to the brutal race,
(His muscles gath'ring in his face)
“ Be still, he cried, and henceforth learn
“ Superior *wisdom* to discern !—

“ Thou

" Thou Lion, Savage Sov'reign ! see
 " A mightier deigns to look on thee !
 " And thou, Hyæna, false as fierce,
 " Attend, whilst I the praise rehearse
 " Of him, who, free from selfish ends,
 " Kindly and gen'rously descends
 " With *gratis* glance to look around,
 " Yet keep his credit safe and sound !—
 " Burlesques of Nature, grinning apes,
 " Of sundry sizes, sorts, and shapes,
 " Your mock'ry quit and odd grimace—
 " Consider who adorns the place,
 " He's none, believe me, of your race !—
 " Now, one and all, no more rely
 " On *Great Mens* pockets for supply !—
 " They, like our Financiers, receive—
 " The date uncertain when they give !”

STANZAS ELEGIAC,

*On seeing the Funeral Procession of the late J. WALTER, Esq;
 whose Remains were deposited with great Solemnity in the
 Family Vault, near Stevenstone, on Tuesday, 7th Dec. 1779.*

VAnquish'd by Death, the good man's fall awakes
 That sympathy from whence our sorrows flow;
 And lo ! the Muse a willing share partakes,
 And stands a pensive volunteer in woe !

The ruthless archer, with effectual aim,
 His shafts thus plies, and life's fond dream is o'er !
 All, all this solemn splendor can proclaim
 Is, “ *Walter*, once the Great, is now no more !”

No more the virtues which illum'd that mind,
 That soul enrich'd with ev'ry gift of Heav'n,
 Their beams shall spread diffusive o'er mankind,
 For whom, to bless, their radiant pow'r was giv'n!

O see! Humanity's first friend must fall,
 On whose existence indigence relied;
 Whose feeling heart, whose lib'ral hand, to all
 The balm of comfort joyfully applied!

Insatiate Death! nor fame, nor worth, have weight
 With thee, nor piety with heart sincere;
 E'en magnanimity must meet its fate,
 Or Devon had been spar'd this shock severe!

Walter! whose name, whose memory shall stand
 Illustrious in fair Fane's immortal page,
 Enforc'd this gracious lesson to the land,
 That Charity will Heav'n's first love engage.

Unbias'd in his senatorial seat,
 The valued man pursu'd his country's weal;
 His steadfast aim no party could defeat,
 No pow'r controul his unabating zeal!

His ev'ry action, uninflam'd by pride,
 Gave birth and fortune the sublimest grace;
 The realm's religion and its laws his guide,
 He stood high-honour'd by the British race.

Him, feeble age and rising youth shall bless;
 The orphan's guardian and the widow's friend:
 Him, choral seraphs now on high caress,
 And greeting anthems his blest shade attend!

In all replete that constitutes the man,
 Unaw'd he left his tenemental clay;
 Ye falsely Great! be his your future plan,
 And rest with him in God's eternal day!

On the Death of Mrs. HONOR PROWZE,

Late of CREDITON:

A Gentlewoman, whose benevolent Heart, and extensive Charities,
 demand the Encomiums of a much abler Pen.

SAY, pensive Muse, why heaves th' unbidden sigh;
 Why starts the briny tear from ev'ry eye?
 Say, why around, as if o'er nature's tomb,
 Has pale-ey'd sorrow spread a sickly gloom?
 Ah me! the solemn bell proclaims too loud
 The sad occasion to the weeping crowd. [crown'd,
 She, whom kind heav'n with plenteous blessings
 Whose lib'ral hand those blessings spread around,
 The Weak to cherish, and the Poor to feed,
 Is now, alas, no more!—is gone indeed!
 She, whom protected Orphans lisping blest,
 The Widow's comfort, and the Aged's rest;
 She, at whose friendly hospitable gate
 Keen Hunger never knew in vain to wait;
 She, who Affliction's brow was wont to cheer;
 Who turn'd to joy pale Grief and pining Care,
 Is now no more, but summon'd to depart,
 Thus leaves her monument in ev'ry heart!
 Yes, peaceful shade! thy virtues still shall brave
 The sting of Death, and triumph o'er the grave!
 To realms of bliss thy spirit shall ascend,
 And leave the Poor a STACY for their friend.

Ye

Ye pamper'd sons of Luxury and Pride,
 Who sport with grief, and poverty deride ;
 Whose griping hands oppressive ills bestow
 From higher stations to the throng below :
 Here, self-condemn'd, the striking contrast view
 'Tween meek-ey'd Charity's best friend and you.
 PROWZE, unalarm'd, Death's terrors could defy,
 You shrink like cowards—and unpitied die !

On the Death of Mrs. GOULD,

Late of DUNSCOMB, near CREDITON.

A GAIN the ruthless messenger arrives,
 And triumphs still with unresisted sway ;
 His solemn visit, who, alas, survives,
 When monarchs quit their sceptres to obey !

What then avails it to be good and great,
 When thus the Tyrant lords it over all ?
 When Virtue's self must quit her radiant seat,
 Compell'd to join in the promiscuous fall !

But Virtue falls, immortally to rise,
 O'er realms of bliss consign'd abroad to roam ;
 Her basis fix'd eternal in the skies,
 The Goddess charms us to her native home.

But who, with all the force of Reason's aid
 Supremely arm'd, can now a sigh forbear ?
 The gen'rous GOULD, in mould'ring ruins laid,
 Demands from all the tributary tear.

Scarce had the Poor the struggling sigh repress'd
 For PROWZE, their late protectress, ere the foe,
 Bounteous in sorrow, wounds again each breast,
 And calls a GOULD, as if to seal their woe.

O say, ye needy, whom her bounty fed,
 From adverse storms where will ye shelter find?
 She's ever gone, who rais'd the drooping head,
 Whose virtues charm'd the too-afflicted mind.

'Twas her's with care the ruffled breast to calm,
 When ills surrounding crush'd the weeping throng,
 Her friendly care apply'd the healing balm
 That chang'd their murmurs to a grateful song.

Nor here alone to social ends consign'd,
 To views sublime her ardent soul aspir'd;
 She to the friend the pious christian join'd,
 And heav'n applauded what the world admir'd!

Far from the busy scene her spirit's flown,
 Amidst arch-angels heavenly joys to prove;
 To hail in ceaseless hymns th' almighty throne,
 Where all is wonder, majesty, and love!

Hence consolation sweet divinely flows
 To dry the tear from weeping Sorrow's eye;
 Her lengthen'd years—her resignation shows—
 Mankind, like her, should live in peace to die.

On the Death of JAMES BULLER, Esq;

LATE OF DOWNES.

MUST worth superior hear the final call,
 And drop to dust unnotic'd in its fall?
 Say, shall the man, with ev'ry virtue fir'd,
 Whose living fame, high-rais'd, the world admir'd,
 Dissolve by Fate's decree? and shall the Muse
 The last sad tribute of a sigh refuse?

Forbid

Forbid it sacred pow'rs of solemn song,
 To BULLER's name your pensive strains belong.
 Hail happy shade, too early born away
 To blissful regions of eternal day !
 To Heav'n's dread *fiat* you submissive bow'd,
 No more the guardian of a helpless crowd !

Ye num'rous needy, let your grateful sighs
 From sorrow's shrine pursue him to the skies !
 With heartfelt grief his dissolution mourn,
 And sprinkle with your tears your patron's urn !
 Nor need in Parian pomp his praise appear,
 Search but your hearts, his monument is there !
 He from a lineage honour'd high was giv'n,
 To crown the noblest purposes of Heav'n !
 The sick to heal he pour'd the lenient balm,
 The ruffled breast serenely strove to calm :
 His friendly gates stood wide at sorrow's call,
 And hunger fed came smiling from his hall !
 Where'er involving care provok'd the tear,
 His ready hand, his willing heart was there !
 From adverse storms the widow shelter found,
 And cherish'd orphans lisp'd his praise around :
 Their infant limbs, inur'd to winds and rain,
 Felt the returning glow of health again :
 In him life's blessing was the pow'r to bless,
 Thus oft he gave ere objects could address.
 No pride that sinks the man his breast alarm'd,
 Which pity soften'd as religion warm'd ;
 The paths of peace he still with fervour trod,
 And met unaw'd the mandate of his God !

Ye

Ye rising pledges of his ardent love,
Learn life's important lesson here, and prove
By future deeds, from Emulation's flame,
How dearly you revere a Parent's name !

On the Death of JOHN DYKE ACLAND, Esq;

Colonel of the First Battalion of Devon Militia, and Major of the
20th Regiment of Foot in America.

S A C R E D

To the most respectful memory of
The much-lamented
Heroic

JOHN DYKE ACLAND, Esq;

Whose virtues in the social
And military lines of life
Established him

A most conspicuous ornament
To his worthy family, and
To his much-injured and insulted
Country !

His rising and persevering genius
Was fully and most assiduously displayed
Both in the SENATE and in
The FIELD !

Rarely equalled in eminence, he thought it
A distinguished honour
To bleed for that country
Whose unnatural wounds he ardent strove to heal !
In him, O Britain,
How severe, how irreparable,
Thy affecting loss !

Intrepid

Intrepid in his King and Country's cause,
 He stood the bold asserter of her laws;
 The active vigour of his manly soul
 No toils could daunt, no dangers could controul!
Virtue he deem'd it for the realm to bleed,
 Champions for virtue—champions are indeed!
 In fame or worth, *all* we illustrious meet,
 In ACLAND's name with glory stands complete.

On the Death of Mr. TERRY, late of Crediton,

AN EMINENT ATTORNEY AT LAW.

THUS, Foe insatiate! thro' a busy world,
 Thy shafts are too—ah! too unkindly hurl'd:
 Unkindly, no!—the stroke thus deeply giv'n
 Fulfils the awful purposes of Heav'n!—
 The Pow'r that saw a Terry greatly strive
 To keep surrounding indigence alive,
 Beheld such worth with more than common care,
 And sent its mandate to command him there;
 Archangels deign'd the welcome shade to kiss,
 And greeting anthems usher'd him to bliss!
 Yet say, thou ruthless Messenger of Fate,
 To whom all nature kneels, expir'd its date,
 Who now, with secret hand yet lib'ral care,
 Like him shall raise the needy from despair!
 To whose glad heart will now the pow'r be giv'n
 To aid the blest benevolence of Heav'n?
 Who now, like him, thro' life's precarious course,
 Will give religion all its genuine force?
 And ah! in whom will now so richly blend
 The husband, master, parent, and the friend!

But,

But, as directing Providence is kind,
 O spare his Fair Descendants * still behind !
 Long spare them earth's peculiar joys to share,
 And, O ye needy, find a refuge there !
 O Death, tho' Terry dies, mankind must see,
 His charity, his virtues, triumph over thee ;
 Of bliss secure shall charity be found,
 When suns shall fail, and worlds shall burst around !

* He left three very amiable daughters.

On the Death of Mr. SAMUEL LORING,

A Youth of respectable Character, and amiable Deportment.

SAY, ruthless Chief, that o'er the vital frame
 Dominion hold'st with uncontested sway,
 Could pray'rs, nor sighs, nor tears, avert thy aim,
 That thou should'st snatch this blooming prize
 away ?

Can no intreaties thy dread arm arrest,
 And must the fondest father plead in vain ?
 Must relatives, must friends, be thus depress'd,
 Be at thy will o'erwhelm'd in ceaseless pain ?
 What then avails the pure instinctive flame,
 That, undiminish'd, warms a parent's heart ?
 Ah ! why those feelings language cannot name,
 If, Victor, thus thou play'st the tyrant's part ?
 Ah ! what avails the fond officious care,
 The kind endearments of parental love,
 If Death's harsh humours thus forbids to spare,
 If Death, at will, can all that's dear remove ?
 But O ! from heav'n's dread courts the mandate came,
 That fix'd in full decree the awful day !
 The mind, ye griev'd, to resignation frame,
 And hail the pow'r that *gives and takes away.*

R

Yet

Yet, like a blossom op'ning to the sun,
 He's sudden cropt, ere half his sweets were known;
 Yet were his sands allotted fully run,
 And heav'n to blisful regions calls its own.

Yes, happy shade, what now remains of thee,
 (Howe'er reluctant we begin to learn)
 Shews, faithful Teacher, that eternity
 Is man's important, first, and grand concern.

Ye fair survivors * of the much-lov'd youth,
 I see your solemn sorrows deeply flow ;
 In silent eloquence, O learn a truth
 He yet unfolds, which ev'ry *fair* should know !

Howe'er the force of beauty may prevail,
 Howe'er the charms of virtue may engage,
 All, all accomplishments alike must fail,
 When Death stands forth grim hero of the stage.

And you, ye kind companions of his life,
 Who feel the wound a dying friend imparts ;
 O see how busy Death extends his strife,
 To disunite your unity of hearts.

Yet immortality can union give,
 When all the busy scene of life is o'er,
 And love, refin'd, shall unextinguish'd live,
 When mortals, tombs, and worlds shall be no more.

* His Sisters.

On the Death of Miss HARRIOT WELSFORD,
 Who died in her Infancy.

YES, precious angel, still a mother's love
 Returns her dearest Harriot to her heart ;
 Tho' perfect joy encircles thee above,
 Thy lovely image never can depart.

Tho'

Tho' guardian seraphs, anxious to obey
 Their glorious king, have usher'd thee to bliss;
 Ideal fancy yet protracts thy stay,
 Yet stamps thy lips with many an ardent kiss.

Imagination, solace of the mind,
 Yet holds thee, beauteous innocent, in view;
 Shall then the dear delusion fly unkind,
 The fleetest love unable to pursue?

Well pleas'd shall memory those scenes recall,
 When Harriot's smiles could chase each gloomy
 care;

When health high-flush'd thy cheek, sweet babe,
 and all

Prefag'd a thousand future graces there.

Then anxious joy, and bliss-inspiring hope,
 O'er-running far the stern decrees of fate,
 Could give for thee parental wishes scope,
 Could give thy health and life a longer date.

Then ardent pray'rs at each returning morn,
 To guardian pow'rs for Harriot's peace arose;
 Again officious Love, at eve's return,
 Implo'd a blessing on her sweet repose.

To early doom the tender babe consign'd,
 Now felt disease with inbred force alarm;
 Her lovely cheeks, where sweetest tints combin'd,
 Appear'd like lillies drooping in a storm.

In vain, alas! was all officious care [shield;
 Her weak'ning frame from Death's assaults to
 The ruthless Archer, awfully severe,
 Would no entreaties grant, or comfort yield.

Sur-

Surrounding relatives the scene bewail'd,
 Dire conflicts rent each parent's swelling heart;
 Heav'n's mandate flew—her vital spirits fail'd,
 And hov'ring angels saw her breath depart!

Thus a young rose in unpropitious shade,
 Sequester'd far from Sol's all-cheering ray,
 With drooping head, bereft of genial aid,
 Sweet fragrance sheds, then softly drops away.

Hail pow'r supreme, whose providential eye
 O'er all creation graciously extends;
 At thy command commission'd cherubs fly,
 Rejoicing to complete cœlestial ends.

Summon'd, thus early, from a world of strife,
 The wiles of art, and each delusive snare,
 The lovely infant soar'd to endless life,
 Amidst archangels heav'nly joys to share.

Nature may feel th' inevitable wound,
 To deep recess parental grief may run;
 This consolation ever will be found,
 That heav'n's just.—*Its gracious will be done.*



F I N I S.